

PZ
3

G7918A

FT MEADE
GenColl

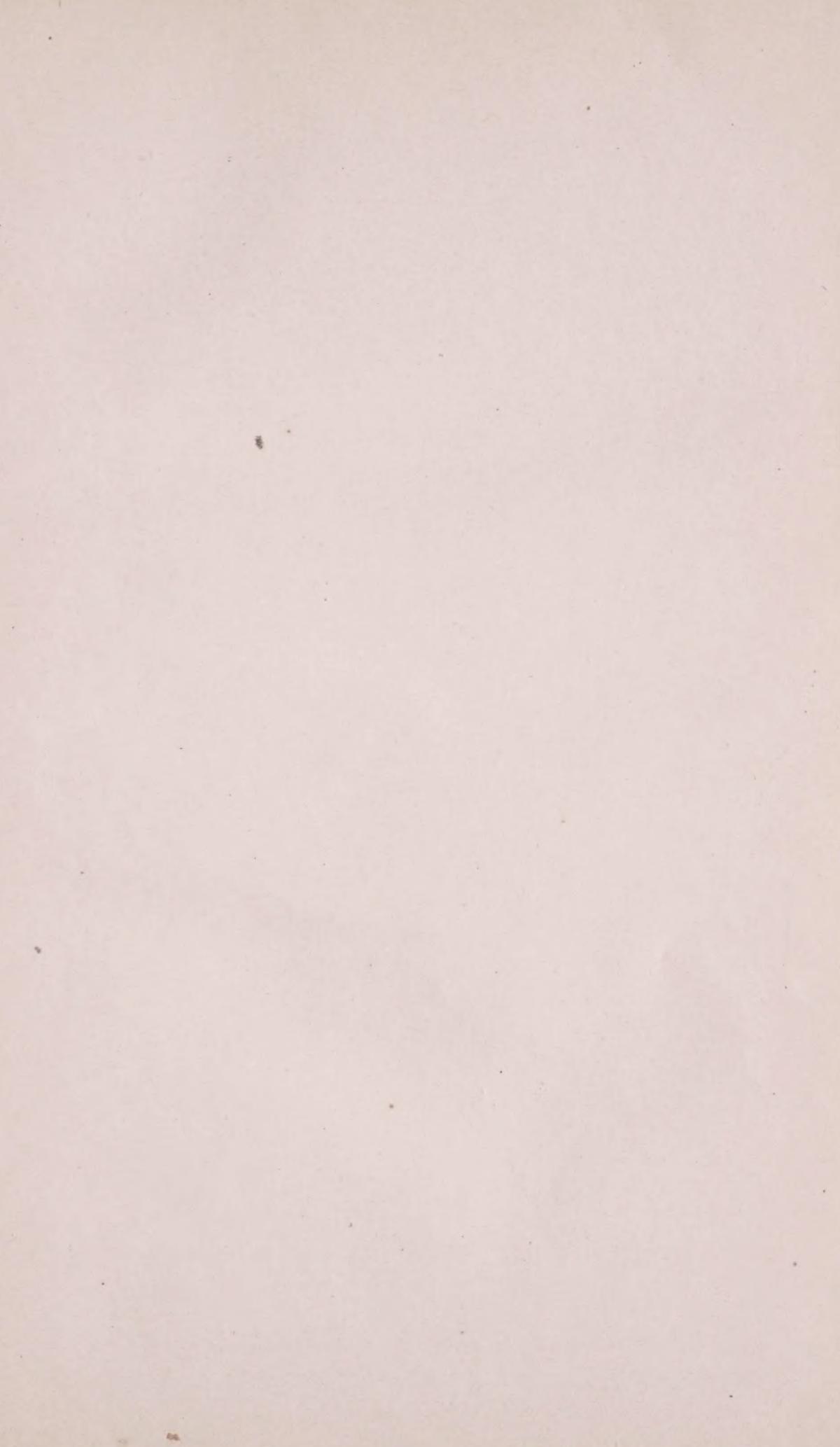
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PZ3 Copyright No.

Shelf... Cr 7918 A

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





PRICE 20 CENTS.

MUNRO'S LIBRARY

POPULAR NOVELS
ISSUED IN A CONVENIENT FORM FOR THE POCKET.

Vol. 1. No. 105. Jan. 23, 1884. Subscription \$30.

Entered at the post office N. Y. as Second-Class Matter.
+Munro's Library is issued Tri-Weekly.

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT

BY

EVELYN GRAY.



NEW YORK:
NORMAN L. MUNRO, PUBLISHER,
24 & 26 VANDEWATER ST.

COPYRIGHTED 1884, BY NORMAN L. MUNRO.

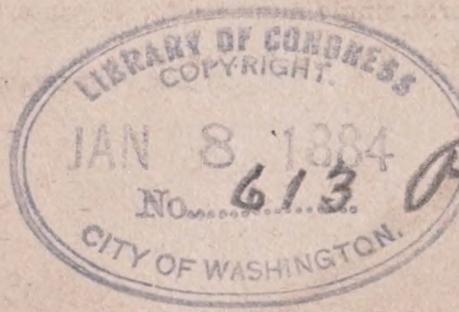


AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT.

BY EVELYN GRAY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Norman L. Munro, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

40
Munro



NEW YORK:

NORMAN L. MUNRO, PUBLISHER,

24 & 26 VANDEWATER ST.

PZ 3
G 19184

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT.

BY EVELYN GRAY.

A PROLOGUE.

WHO WAS SHE?

IT was an hour past midnight, some twelve years ago, that our story opens, or rather that its prologue is presented. The hum of the busy city had long since become hushed, labor and honesty were asleep, while dark browed roguery donned its mask and crept forth in search of prey.

Revelry and dissipation were awake, bright lights shone where bright eyes vied with them, and music filled many a hall, gushing beyond their bounds, out upon the midnight air.

Pedestrians were few upon the streets, but some were staggering to homes they had disgraced, while others stumbled along, disgraced beyond possessing any homes at all. The rumbling of the lazy horse cars, and the tinkle of their monotonous bells, together with the sharp rattle of the night carriages over the pavements as they flew here and there with their belated freight, constituted the principal features of this gas-lit panorama.

The theaters had long since emptied themselves, and only the lower and wilder places of entertainment and resort still held their devotees.

The hour was as hushed as any hours are in the great

and throbbing metropolis of New York—a city where so many turn night into day, and run to riot hours intended for repose. Fashion plumed her gaudiest robes, for her devotees shine brighter under gas jets, and paste can scarcely be distinguished from real diamonds.

The city clocks had just chimed one, with a dull, melancholy boom, which seemed but a spasmodic pulse in the breast of night, when a hack might have been seen speeding on to reach the South Ferry on the Brooklyn side, ere the boat left its mooring, for the driver well knew the weary waiting there would be at that hour, if he missed this boat, ere a second would arrive. “Just in time” (as the boat loosed her moorings immediately the last wheels of the carriage struck the floor), thought the man of the whip, an ordinary Jehu, a genuine coachee, one of those close-mouthed, low-browed, hard-hearted men, who never ask a question, or hear a word beyond what they know pertains to the filling of their own pockets.

The round moon now and then glowed upon the scene as the sea breezes lifted away the silvered masses of vapor which floated upon it, and by its light an observer might have seen that the carriage was dust covered and the horses flecked with foam, giving evidence of travel over country roads.

And what of the occupants? The curtains were partially drawn, and only the outlines of a figure could be seen in the dim, uncertain light.

The Battery and New York were soon reached. The horses seemed jaded and almost inclined to linger on the boat, which they unquestionably would have done, had not the dreaded lash been held over them and applied as their speed lessened.

The carriage struck the pavement, and the jolting rattled off the dust, and the lights from the streets, as they gleamed in at the windows, lighted up the interior, and brought out in strange relief the hitherto uncertain fig-

ure, which proved to be a young girl. She seemed too impatient to rest back upon the cushions, but leaning forward, was looking nervously from side to side, as if to assure herself of the locality.

On the seat in front of her lay a bundle, toward which she every now and then cast anxious glances, when not looking still more anxiously at the corner lamps which should assure her of the progress they were making.

The tall buildings on Broadway loomed up against the moonbeams. Wall street, gloomy, dark, and vault-like in its midnight slumber, bore to the right. The girl breathed freer as the carriage carried her on in sight of familiar landmarks ; St. Paul's Church and City Hall were rapidly passed, and then, certain of her surroundings, she drew a long breath of relief, and leaning forward, almost touched the bundle in front of her; but drawing back, a cold, mocking smile passed over her features, as if abashed at her momentary weakness.

She was not a beautiful girl—neither was she homely. There were times when her features seemed lighted with actual beauty, but there was a hard, steely glitter in her dark-grey eyes which turned her other beauty completely into a chilly shade, and made the beholder turn away with something akin to a shudder.

She was, in fact, one of those creatures who are endowed with a strange power to make the opposite sex love them—to be able to appear all sunshine, all tenderness, or to repel and freeze, as the whim may seize them.

There were lines of firmness, too, which only augmented the cold glitter of those eyes, and betokened a will to do and dare, scarcely ever seen in one so young. She appeared to be possessed of two opposite natures, either of which could command according to circumstances. She was evidently disguised for her work, as the sparkle of rare gems upon her ungloved hands, accorded illy with her plain, cheap suit and hat, which she wore so ungracefully.

On—on rattled the carriage, past Union and Madison Squares, and a sudden turning in Twenty-fourth street soon brought them to a corner of Lexington avenue, where it suddenly halted before the door of an unpretending mansion. The windows of the second floor were dimly lighted. As the carriage drew up, the curtain of one was partially drawn aside, and the figure of a hard-featured woman was momentarily displayed, and then the curtain again resumed its place.

"Is this the number?" asked the girl, of the driver, as she threw open the door of the carriage.

"It is. I know it well," he replied.

Without another word she leaped from the carriage, and reaching back, hesitatingly, she drew forth the bundle.

"Will I have long to wait, ma'am?" asked the driver, as she turned toward the house.

"But a few moments," she replied, glancing up and down the street, and then going to the door of the house.

"Only a few minutes," growled the knight of the whip, as he threw the blankets over the steaming horses. "A woman's 'few minutes; I think I have time enough on hand to get a lunch, at all events," he muttered.

The girl with the odd-looking bundle was on the point of ringing the bell, when the door was suddenly and noiselessly opened by the same woman who had appeared at the window above, and without exchanging a single word, she led the way to her room.

"I expected you," said she, the first to break the silence, after closing the door of her private room.

"Indeed; so you are not disappointed. Are we alone?"

"There is not a soul about, save ourselves."

The girl looked about the room suspiciously, as though she did not believe it, or at least, as though she would like to try the doors to make sure of it.

"Have you the baby with you?" asked Madame Marsh, for such was the name her **patrons** knew her by.

The girl looked at her a moment with an anguishing glitter in her eyes, which seemed to enter the woman's very soul. But she was too old a bird to be frightened, or in the least unsettled by inquisitive looks.

"Why do you look so strange? I am the same woman whom you met day before yesterday."

"Yes, I remember. Excuse me, I am a trifle confused. Yes, I have the baby with me," she said, placing the bundle, which she still held, upon the centre-table, carelessly, and with almost a sigh of relief at the relinquishing of her burden.

"Goodness me! you don't tell me you have it done up in that bundle? Why, you have smothered it!"

The girl started just a little, but suddenly recovering herself, with a look which betokened how little she would have cared had such been the actual fact.

"No, I guess not," she replied, coolly. "I gave it a large quantity of paregoric before starting."

"Mercy me! if the poor little thing is alive it will be a wonder!" and they both began untying the bundle.

This was accomplished with some little labor, for it had evidently been tied up as a warrant that no eyes should know its contents. But at length the silken cords were unloosed, and the folds of soft cashmere removed, the light fell upon a sweet, little, sleeping girl-baby, still under the influence of the opiate, but unharmed, and breathing regularly, as if reclining next the bosom of her who gave it birth.

"Law me! who but a mother could have been so careful, when seemingly so careless?"

The girl colored, frowned, but made no reply.

"And you tell me the child is honestly born?" asked the old woman, turning quickly upon her visitor.

Nowise abashed, she answered: "She is; her parents were legally married, but foolishly, unadvisedly, and now unhappily."

"Poor girl; I pity you!"

"Pity *me*?" demanded she, turning her glittering grey eyes upon her.

"Why—y-e-s—you don't deny but that you are the mother of the child, do you?"

"That, Madame Marsh, does not concern you. You promised to take the child I should bring and adopt it into a respectable family. Who or what it is must never be known. Its father is in a foreign land. He and his wife destroyed all traces and proofs of their school-boy and school-girl marriage, and have agreed to become utter strangers. Therefore do you not see it's better for the child to be an utter stranger to itself, except what it may learn from its future parents—adopted, if they choose it shall know them to be?"

"You are right, quite right, miss?" she looked at the girl inquiringly, but no name came by way of answer, and stooping to the angel-faced infant she kissed it softly, and whispered: "Beautiful cherub! you shall be cared for."

"And trusting everything to your care, here is the sum of money agreed upon, the other day."

"Well," spoke madame, half sorrowfully, half curiously, as if reluctant to close the bargain with so little knowledge, "if you are resolved to tell me no more, of course I cannot know any more. But it may be just as well."

"I know it will be better," and drawing her shawl around her, she turned towards the door.

"Will you not kiss baby before going—for the last time?"

The girl stopped short, clasped her hands over her eyes for an instant, as if to clear her brain, turned toward the babe, but wheeling toward the door, she said:

"No—no, it is nothing to me. I—I—" she hesitated an instant, then assuming her usual icy demeanor, she swept from the room.

A moment after, the clang of the street door had

reverberated through the silent house, but before the carriage had started from its place, a door leading to another room was stealthily opened; a young man entered the apartment.

"Is she well?" he asked, eagerly, going to the table, and leaning over the sleeping babe.

"You heard what she said. I think it is all right. It's heavily drugged, though."

"But not to harm it, surely?"

"Oh, no! it breathes regularly, and the skin and pulsation are all natural."

"Thank God for that!" he exclaimed, fervently.

"Are you sure it was your wife?"

"Am I sure that I see you—that I exist—that this is my child, that I am miserable? Yes, it was my wife, and this is our child. I have agreed to a separation, as she said, I am poor, she is rich—We married in haste—a boy and a girl at play, only we carried our play to bitter reality, and thought, ha—thought we should always be happy. I did love her, but now I hate her; she has turned me, and now I leave her, and forever—leave her to her fate—school-girl love has given place to this plotting of a woman of the world, and I gladly leave her. But my child goes with me; yes—yes," and he bent over and kised it tenderly.

"Are you going now?"

"Yes, now. To-morrow sees me on the way to —. The past and its scores must take care of themselves, the future I am answerable for, both for this heaven-sent messenger and myself," and folding his baby girl in its soft robe of cashmere, he lifted it tenderly, and going out, shut the door without further words.

CHAPTER I.

LOVE VERSUS GOLD

ON a quiet Sabbath evening some three years after the events related in the prologue, Guy Lawrence and Thirza Morton sat alone in the little parlor of her own and her mother's quiet home in East Fourth street.

The lamp burned low on the mantel-shelf, and they sat by an open window that looked out upon the open street, now flooded with a glow of moonlight, which cast deep shadows in some places, and transformed others, until they seemed like the weird scenes of dreamland.

Guy Lawrence was, like too many others in the world, cold, heartless, mercenary and ambitious. Ambitious to be known and worshipped as a money king. He was handsome, stylish, held a good position as confidential clerk in a banking-house, and showed externally but little of the man he was at heart. Money was his idol. There were many other things he loved, but money, in his idea, was the foundation of all happiness, and his constant musing was how he should make great and sudden wealth.

He had scarcely any acquaintances, and with those his intercourse was the most limited.

He looked upon their pastimes, their seeking pleasures in the channels usually pursued by young people, as most frivolous. And yet he was no miser, indeed. His salary was all used in proportion as he received it, and in this respect he was not unlike those whom he affected to despise. His ideas and plans were all associated with sudden wealth, and he had no thought of a fortune gained by toil and frugality.

While thus buffeting on the wave of chance, he became acquainted with Thirza Morton, the lovely and only child

of her mother, a widow, whose husband was formerly French interpreter at the consulate in Washington, and at whose death received a life pension, which placed them in comfortable circumstances. Thirza was indeed beautiful, both in person and mind. She was a tall, graceful blonde, with a calm, thoughtful cast of features, so finely cut, so delicately and harmoniously toned with fresh, ripe color that she seemed the ideal of a lover's dream. And yet she had no doll-like or ball-room beauty. It seemed rather as if formed and ripened to grace home, to enwrap those within the charmed circle of her influence in a perpetual sunshine.

Her mother, herself a finely educated woman had taken care that Thirza should be so fitted by education, as she was by birth and nature, to grace any position in life. She was, in short, one of those women so rarely met with, who are well fitted for any sphere. She had aroused in the breast of Guy Lawrence the only enthusiasm and emotion akin to love for other than himself, that had ever known a resting place there, and "were she only rich," as he said within himself hundreds of times, he would long ere this night have begged that her love and happiness might be given to his keeping. But, as it was, the thought of marrying a poor girl completely overcame all love engendered, and although delighted and happy in her society, had long ago repented any pretense of love he had ever made, and resolved to break away at the first flood of strength that should come to him.

But what of Thirza? She had ever found Guy a gentleman; knew that he was esteemed as such by all his acquaintances, which together with his fine presence, brought him up very near to the ideal she created, and before she knew it she was in love for the first time in her life. True, she often saw him sad, misanthropic and cynical; knew that he looked upon the money-god as little inferior to any other, although she firmly believed, as all

women do, that she had power to gradually brush away the clouds of gloom, and turn his heart in another direction by her personal love and devotion.

On this lovely Sabbath evening of which we write he appeared to be more cast down, more infected by the gold fiend than ever. He conversed but little, and seemed nervous and discontented, while she, with gentle words and loving inquiries, sought to lift him out of the slough of despond, and lead his thoughts to something more in harmony with the beauty of the night.

“ Ah, Guy, but there is something weighing on your mind which it were best should not be there,” she said, after gently bantering him on his melancholy.

“ Yes, Thirza, you are right,” he said, turning toward her from the window out of which he had been gazing, as if fascinated by the grotesque shadows of the moonbeams.

“ There is something on my mind which should not be there, and it must not remain there any longer; indeed, it shall not.”

“ Nobly resolved,” she replied, rising from her seat and placing her hand upon his shoulder as if to strengthen his new resolution, and give it speech. “ Only make a decided stand not to allow your thoughts to work upon you in such a gloomy way, and your battle is half won.”

“ You do not understand me, Miss Morton.”

“ Miss Morton?”

“ Have I offended you?”

“ There seemed to be something in your look just then, which strangely accorded with the coldness of the tone which you used in speaking my name, that—”

“ I beg your pardon, if I offended you, but as I resolved, and you approved the resolution, to free my mind, I trust that your feelings may not be wounded by the confession which must be coupled with and accompany the carrying out of that resolution,” he said, with utmost coldness in every word

"Guy, pray tell me what you mean ; explain ; it seems some terrible mystery."

"I will do so without loss of time or words. Be seated, Thirza, and listen. I am a very foolish man ; I have been doing you a bitter wrong, and one for which I shall ever be sorry—I trust you believe that I love you truly and honorably?"

"I cannot understand why you should question my belief in that particular, since I entertain you as my chosen friend above all others," she replied, still unable to comprehend his meaning.

"That has been the mistake."

"How would you like me to understand you?"

"Why, in entertaining me as a particular friend."

"Was it not at your request, Mr. Lawrence?"

"I acknowledge that it was, and assume that I have acted unwisely toward you. You are not a stranger to my ideas and aims relative to money, although you perhaps do not know that I consider it criminal for people who are poor, and ambitious to be rich, to marry. Without money, society is nothing to you or you to it, and without society, life is nothing as I view it."

"I cannot agree with you, Guy."

"But proofs are not wanting to sustain my assertion."

"And yet my own heart is proof to the contrary. So far as I know society it is oftentimes a cloak under which its devotees can hide characters and reputations which need to be covered up in order to escape public condemnation."

"And yet, what would the world be without society?"

"If it is all that I have learned of it, and you do not deny it to be, the world would be much happier and better off without it," she answered, with some spirit.

"And yet, you do not believe in democratic equality—that all are as good as yourself, or that they should have access to the same circles wherein you move."

" I believe that education and natural refinement are the only grounds for founding personal superiority upon, and that those who possess these qualities should use them for the good of those below them; that they should strive to make the difference between them less marked, rather than set themselves up as exclusives or superiors. If this is democracy then I am truly democratic."

" Then you would never do for a rich man's wife—at least, as society now holds itself," he replied, turning away.

" I never aspired to such a position; I consider an honorable, noble minded poor man more than an equal for what society is pleased to call an aristocrat."

" But I aspire to riches and a position in society, such as we see people occupy around us, and it is this very subject that has been weighing upon my mind, and the one I wished to speak to you upon this evening. As I said before, I have been very foolish in making the proposals which you have so kindly favored, I was drawn toward you by a power I call nothing but love. But I have considered the injustice that a marriage between us would bring about. We should both be worse off, and I should never be happy in its consummation."

He glanced at her, but she sat there in the pale moonlight as motionless as a statue and as cold as marble.

" You can find those more worthy of you than I am, and who will make you far happier than I have the power of doing."

Again he looked at her, but she had not moved, and did not seem to breathe.

" For these good and sufficient reasons, I must beg to withdraw all that has passed between us, and suggest that we take our own individual paths in life. Will you agree to it?"

He repeated the question twice, but she made no reply. He moved toward her and took her hand. Holding it in

his own for an instant, he again repeated the question, when she started, with a shudder, and slowly withdrew her hand.

"And so you do not love me?" she asked faintly.

"The evidence should rather show you that I do love you, since what I propose to do will undoubtedly make you happier."

There was a momentary silence.

"And you love another?" she said at length.

"No, but I am resolved to marry only for money. Love is entirely incidental. If it chances to exist after marriage, why, well and good; if not, money will soothe the wound. I trust, Thirza, you look upon this matter from the same standpoint as I, and will release me from all allegiance to you."

He waited again for her to speak.

"Will you do so?"

"Yes," she replied, without raising her bowed head.

"Many thanks. I am not sorry that we have met, but rather that we should have thought one moment upon marriage, or even contemplated a condition which would have made us both unhappy for life. Farewell; I trust you will not think upon me unkindly, but rather commend me for my honesty."

He had taken his hat and stood before her as though expecting to hear a reply, but she made none, and again saying "Farewell," he opened the front door, closed it, and was gone.

The slamming of the front door broke the spell which held her, and uttering a cry of agony, she sprang towards the door of the room, and fell swooning in her mother's arms, she having been attracted toward her child by some sensitive cord which told her she was in trouble.

CHAPTER II.

THE SEERESS.

AT rooms on Twenty-fifth street, just out of Lexington Avenue, lived Madame Marsh, called by some "the fortune teller," others "the clairvoyant," and others "the old witch." Whatever she was, she was well known, and consulted by all and any who had the money to pay her well for her knowledge. Indeed, she was what might have been called the general mixer of social mischief. She was a little, shrewd, spry old woman, of about fifty years of age, wrinkled and grey, but erect in her carriage as a girl of sixteen, possessing great vigor and decision of character, but in the presence of her patrons, she assumed the calm, genial, sympathetic, pleasant, and agreeable motherly woman. In short, she appeared to succeed in being everybody's friend.

But at heart she was a cold, selfish person; one willing to bend, apparently resigned, to every circumstance which crossed her, while steadily carrying out the secret purposes of her heart. She could even fawn upon and caress those who stood in her way, while quietly operating for their removal. And all this time she had the name of being a charitable, motherly woman, always ready to do good, although she made it a point never to remain long in contact with a person without knowing all about them, as also all about the people they knew—it was a business point with Madame Marsh to know something about everybody, and she always managed to turn such knowledge to good account in the long run.

But she had such a cool, gentle, motherly way about her, that she was never suspected of being at all different from her outward seeming, and was a favorite with old and young.

Among her visitors were business men who put faith in her science, and many who were unsettled and credulous of the weaker sex, placed implicit faith in "madame."

True it was, however, that she was looked upon as one having power with the supernatural, and proved an infallible adviser in nearly every phase of life. The young came to her in affairs of love; some to gain, some to regain, and others to be able to repel the wave of love. In all these she seemed perfectly at home, made money for herself, and many changes among her acquaintances.

She was seated in the room which served as an office and reception-room, on the evening following the one connected with the events in our last chapter. She had been looking over her journal of the past month, and still held it in her hand, as she reclined upon the lounge. What its contents were can only be conjectured, since a smile of contentment appeared to wreath itself upon her face as she mentally contemplated it, and for a moment the lids closed over her strangely black eyes, as if in praise of her success.

A knock at her office door suddenly aroused her. Hastily opening the drawer of her *secretaire*, she placed the journal within, locked it, and withdrawing the key, approached the door. Sliding back a bolt, she threw it open, and Guy Lawrence strode into the room, with an aspect as cold as the heart which gave it life.

"Well, I do declare!" said the old woman, as she closed the door, and stood gazing at her visitor, "of all persons in the world, Mr. Lawrence, you are the last one I should have expected a visit from. Are you, and have you been well?"

"Yes, as well as common," he answered, indifferently, as he placed his hat on the centre table, and threw himself into a chair, like one tired and dejected.

"I am so glad. But what brings you here now?" she asked, taking a seat in front of him.

"It must be something desperate when I conclude to come to you for advice, eh?"

"I know you never believed in me; but I imagine there's nothing new in your case."

"What do you mean, madame?"

"I mean that you are never tormented with but one idea, never had but one trouble. You are being gradually eaten up by your desire for wealth."

"You have no occasion to summon spirits to tell me that; I am fully alive to that truth, and if there is any thing within range of your powers—be it angel or devil—that can show me how to obtain it, summons the oracle."

"And so your fever has broken out again in full force. Yet, I think you stand more in need of a little common sense than the answer of my oracle."

"Well, you can present both. You have known me from a boy, and understand me as well as I do myself. What shall I do to obtain riches?"

"Of course it must be done without labor?"

"The easier the better."

"Well, then, marry an heiress."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world; where is she?"

"You should know even better than I do, since you are, doubtless, constantly on the look out."

"True, but I find them coy of strangers, placing too high a value upon themselves or a poor man to surmount."

"When a man has your personal qualities?"

"Beauty is only a love commodity."

"True, but it sometimes wins fortunes."

"Yes, in romances."

"And in real life; I've known it too often."

"Yes, I have heard you mention miracles before."

"But this is **none**; you can turn your looks to good account."

"I have tried and failed. I find followers for every feminine personification of a

"Try Edith Harvey," said Madame Marsh, as though to emphatically fasten the argument in her favor.

Guy Lawrence looked at her a moment as though in doubt, and then broke into a cold laugh.

"She is rich, and you can win her," she persisted.

"I thought so once."

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose you know all about it."

"I assure you I do not."

"Well, I proposed to her not long since, and was rejected."

"Indeed! what reason did she give?"

"A very sensible one—that she did not wish to run the risk of being any poorer than she was."

"But yet you can succeed," she replied, naively.

"And how?"

"She loves you."

"Did she tell you so?"

"No, I never saw her, but she told a friend of mine that you were her beau ideal, and when a man has such a hold as that upon a woman, he can win if he wishes to do so. But I am told that she, too, worships money."

"Which shows her good sense. But I cannot hope to get a share of her wealth. No—no, I have abandoned that idea."

"You asked my advice, did you not?"

"Yes, why?"

"Nothing; only I advise you to marry a woman who has money; and also that you try Miss Harvey again, as I consider your chances the best with her."

"I am afraid not."

"But will you try again?" she repeated earnestly.

"I'll do anything for riches," he replied, quickly, and with intense earnestness.

"Then go to Edith Harvey; go with a determination to win her, and you will succeed; I tell you this from clairvoyant's evidence. There is no mistake about it. Your destiny lies in that direction, you must follow it."

The old woman spoke the last few words with a vehemence which showed her to be positively in earnest from some external knowledge, or that she was really putting her clairvoyant powers to the test, and through them saw what the future had in store for him. At all events, her tone of voice and expression of face had a strange effect upon young Lawrence, who started from his seat and stood gazing intently into her face.

"Will you follow your destiny?" she asked, at length.

"I will—come weal, come woe," he replied, firmly.

"Then lose no time in seeing her."

"It shall be as you suggest"

"Good!" she said, following him to the door.

"Let me see you often hereafter; I can help you," she whispered, as he placed a ten dollar bill in her hand.

"I will," was all he said, as he closed the door after him.

"And he will meet his fate in that direction," said the seeress, as she stood with her eyes closed, after she had been left alone.

CHAPTER III.

AN ICICLE.

THERE are breathing icicles—icicles of flesh and blood, as well as those crystal pendants that form in a night on telegraph wires and car roofs, and from the eaves of the low roof of the country cottage. Cold, clear and beautiful, the delight of the children, and the enemy of the poor for with them ever comes bitter cold and piercing winds.

'Tis the same with the living icicles, cold, pellucid,

beautiful, they charm the casual observer, fascinate silvery moths who flutter in their train until frosted by their frowns.

Edith Harvey was an icicle. Many called her handsome.

She was not, but she was what is better in a society woman, stylish, fashionable, prudent, and calculating. She was the only child of fond, but foolish parents, who set her up as their idol, and oracle; at an age when she ought to have been playing with doll babies, and getting up imaginary teas. At the age of ten, the parents of Edith, and the servants of the Harvey mansion, had learned that her word was law; to slight a command of Miss Edith was, the first occasion, a severe reprimand, the second, instant dismissal.

Edith was a young lady of medium height, a decided brunette, with long, black hair, "so black it's purple" was her maid's view of it. Eyes which equaled the hair in jetty hue, and the midnight star of winter in their cold brilliancy. Her features were too sharp for beauty, and well indicated her character—shrewd, never happy, but grasping the phantom in vain.

The Harveys were called rich. Owning and living in their own mansion, on Murray Hill, which had descended to them from a former generation, and which Edith held by right to possess, at the death of her parents, there was no need to question their wealth or social standing.

The house was handsomely furnished, they kept up a show of wealth, with a fine equipage, and, like thousands of others in our great metropolis, hovered on year after year, on the brink of poverty, tottering and recovering by some lucky speculation, some stroke of good luck.

Edith knew all this, and had formed her future; she must marry wealth. She knew no laws but those binding her to society, and as for a heart—bah—who talks of hearts where their future well-being is concerned!

Offers, of course, were plenty, for Miss Harvey, the

heiress, was a society woman; and there are ever plenty of fortune hunters in that same society, the boast of New York's *elite*.

Money was her god, to queen it in society, to be quoted as the authority in fashionable life, was her aim; money alone could buy it, and her only source of money was a husband, and he must be elegant and fashionable, and have money unlimited.

In this respect she and Guy Lawrence were well mated but alas! the coffers of both were equally depleted.

Guy had already sought her hand in marriage, supposing her an heiress, and, had she acknowledged it, he was her favorite—handsome, commanding in person, in fact, her *beau-ideal* in all, save wealth, and that speedily set at rest and demolished any lingering weakness she might have entertained toward the handsome Guy.

And the only source her musings regarding him ever followed, was, if by any means he could get wealth, of all men, Guy Lawrence should be her husband.

And Guy Lawrence knew her views, for she had frankly told him, and with this knowledge again attacked the fortress of his choice, again repeated his tale of love.

Edith received him with cold politeness, the society woman's air, although the blood came quickly through her veins at sight of his handsome form, and had she been less the icicle, it would have revealed itself in the tell-tale blush and emotional voice. She heard him through, quietly, respectfully, and answered:

"Mr. Lawrence, Guy, you come again with your tale of love; you and I should understand each other. We are both old enough, and conversant enough with the world to know that money is the lever that moves it—the only source of happiness. You and I are both pursuing happiness, *i. e.*, wealth. I own this house, at my parent's death—aside from the house, nothing! What would it avail me to marry one without the equivalent to maintain

the style necessary for my property? Had you money, Guy, my answer would not be nay—now excuse me, again I decline to be Mrs. Guy Lawrence."

All this conversation was carried on in the cool, methodical manner of two people trying to exchange property, or any merchandise where each was determined to secure to himself a good bargain.

"So, Edith, if I had money, and plenty, you would marry me?"

"I would. But have I not heard something about a Miss Morton, the lovely daughter of the widow——?"

"Don't mention that. Fascination and marriage are widely separated. Miss Morton is a lovely girl, and will make a man with her 'love in a cottage' ideas a true wife; but I—my ambition soars beyond such old-fashioned ideas."

"You have soaring ideas, why not carry them out, get money, I will become your partner at once you secure it."

"Ah! 'tis easy said, but to make money one must have money."

"Why, Guy, I am better at business than you. Look at the fortunes that have been made in this city without a dollar capital. If I was a man, I'd not want for money a day. Look around you at our millionaires, and think where many of them were a few years ago. Follow their example."

"How? Join some ring? I suppose they are the millionaires to whom you allude?"

"Not they alone, there are other ways of accomplishing the same ends."

"I know, but I can never delve and toil for wealth—it must come, as it were, in the night."

"That means you would take bold chances that would frighten a more timid man?"

"Propose a chance that I would shrink at," said he, resolutely.

" Well there have been fortunes stolen. But I believe business men gloss the word, making it 'speculation,' 'dealing in paper,' 'watching the market.' I often hear them talk of 'puts,' 'calls,' 'straddles,' and all those curious technical terms. Have the men who deal thus, money? No, neither do people ask if they have it. But apart from this, which is really speculation, let us look at your surroundings. You have access to millions. A man possessing cunning and courage under such circumstances should not be poor."

" Edith, what do you mean!" exclaimed he, starting back and looking at her.

" Do you not understand?"

" Not clearly."

" Well, then, we will suppose that there is a young society lady who is supposed to be rich. She is loved by a man who is her ideal in all save wealth. He fortunately *finds* wealth and transfers it to her keeping. Under those circumstances, nothing would be thought of it, for he could keep right along in his employment, she being all the while above suspicion as he would be, if there was no money found upon him, and no bad management showed itself regarding the *find*, and if after the excitement had blown over, this man and woman should get married, and enjoy rationally this fortunate *find*, who could say more than that he was the lucky fellow that married an heiress?"

" Edith, you are a Napoleon—a more than queen!" he said, grasping her hands.

" I could be the queen of so courageous and fortunate a man," she replied, with a rippling laugh.

" And you will pledge yourself to that?" he asked, with a strange earnestness.

" I will. There is my hand."

" I accept it. Farewell!"

CHAPTER IV.

A BOLD PROJECT.

THE house of Elias Cammon & Son had occupied for two generations a foremost place, in Wall street, as bankers of integrity and honorable dealing. Elias Cammon, the first, had started in Wall street in its pigmy days, and had built up a business second to none in a time when business was done on a firm basis, when fortunes were not made and lost in a few hours. His son, Elias, was brought up on the street, and early gave signs of training that would make him a worthy successor; and as he in turn succeeded to the business, his son followed in his footsteps, and the Cammons were looked upon as towers of strength.

They were oracles, and always seemed to come out on the upper side of all speculations, and held the stock market by the horns.

That, however, was before the days of so much jugglery in financing, and one may well doubt if the house would have always written "eureka," had they combated with the keen operators in their peculiar workings who rule Wall Street to-day.

Guy Lawrence had been with the house of Cammon from a boy, had grown into the business with his growth, and was now the confidential clerk, the trusted one, in all that vast establishment.

Reserved, yes, almost haughty in his intercourse with those around him, extending it even to his employers. He so completely hid his real character under this guise, that none suspected his motive or aim in life, the smouldering passion for wealth, and power that wealth can give, that made him the taciturn man he was. Indeed, he was

often bantered for his seeming indifference to money; dressing well, liberal to objects of charity, and never hoarding, as his secret wishes would be supposed to incline him to.

Cammon, Sr. tried for many years to lead him to love speculation, to save his money for some lucky chance of investment, but, no; he seemed like a machine, going through his duties with scrupulous exactness and fidelity; there his love of it seemed to end, and one would have supposed him averse to the thoughts of gain.

Guy Lawrence was a society man only so far, as he gained an incentive there to be known as a leader. Connected with the Cammons, not only in their business house, but always a welcome guest at their home, he was established in society when he cared to court it, but his own scheming and self-communing over his pent up wishes for wealth made the society of Guy Lawrence his greatest charm.

And since he and Edith Harvey had made their compact, his self-communing was taking more tangible form, and the *ignis fatuus* he had been chasing through his brain so many years, was becoming more of a reality.

In his confidential capacity, he, of course, knew all the secrets connected with the house; knew the amount of cash and securities always on hand, and so faithful had his training been, that his employers left many things solely to him, going to him for reference and insight into various matters as they might need.

All this confidence gave him plenty of employment, and often in busy times he would work hours after the day's work was done, that everything should be evenly balanced for the morrow.

And in all these years of work for his employers, with keys in his possession that unlocked the coffers of untold wealth, had no thought of speedy gain ever entered his brain?

Never until now ! Never that by the single twirl of his fingers, he, too, could be known " on change." " Lawrence, the millionaire," he had often repeated to himself, but never with the significance of now.

One evening after working hours, when Wall Street was deserted save by the occasional hurried steps of a belated traveler, or the rumbling of a 'bus over the rough pavement, Guy, who had remained and been working over some bothersome " quotations," finally closed his book, and dropping his head on his hands, communed with himself. This time it seemed not only planning, but that the plot was laid, and he was seeking the courage to carry it through. He raised his head, his eyes were flaming red, his face corpse like in its hue, and a sweat, cold and clammy, penetrated his whole body. There he sat, immovable, scarcely stirring an eyelash, and yet what forms were dancing through his brain ! He turned and looked at the safes built in solid masonry, with their huge iron doors, so solid, so inaccessible to all, and yet, he sat there, with the knowledge that a half million in money was deposited behind those doors, and something whispered to him:

" Access and courage are the twin of success." He started, so real were the words sounded in his ear. " Yes, by Heaven, that is so ! I have access—courage I will command, success must come, and now; for to-morrow, the amount there goes to another source. It shall be mine."

He arose from his chair; the excitement and tension of his nerves had almost crippled him, and he walked rapidly back and forth in the narrow space by his desk several times ere the blood flowed freely again. He walked in front of the safe, and looked at the silver knob as if it possessed peculiar worth.

He put out his hand, but sprung back. " Not yet !" He turned, as if eyes were upon him, and went to the outer door, pushed the bolts, and stepping out, he looked about him and listened. The quiet was marked in comparison

with the day. Guy stood for a moment listening to the sounds on the street, and wondered how many were glad the day's toil was over; if the lagging step betokened the disappointed man, or if thought of how to-day's losses could be retrieved by to-morrow's shrewdness caused this man to take out a memorandum book and pencil some figures.

Guy speculated thus a few moments, closed the door, and securing it, went to the safe on tip-toe, as if fearful the walls would echo the direction of his footsteps. He took the key from his pocket, and inserting it in the lock, an instant, and wealth was within his grasp. He grasped the box, but his hand seemed palsied, and he drew back, laid his hands upon the door, as if to shut it, but drawing back, he listened, hesitated, looked about him, as if ten thousand eyes were frowning upon him.

"Zounds—I have 'access,' do I lack 'courage?' Am I to show weakness where I have been gathering strength? 'Tis now or never. Weakness, poverty and loneliness on the one hand, access, courage, sucess and 'Edith' on the other. Why hesitate? It's now or never."

Again he laid his hand upon the box, hesitated, trembled a trifle, but the voice of the temptress sounded in his ear, he drew the box from the safe, and placed it on a desk near.

"Now, victory or death; victory and by it, long coveted wealth is within my grasp; if failure comes, death is easy, and will follow."

Taking a large sheet of wrapping paper from the desk he did the box up to resemble an ordinary parcel and labeled it.

"Guy Lawrence, 17 Peck Slip. To be left until called for." Then putting on his outer coat and hat he left the office, and rapidly crossing Broadway, was soon under the shade of old Trinity's walls. He passed down into Thames street, and mid-way the block entered an alley,

that led to rear tenements; tapping lightly on the door of the first landing, he was greeted with:

“Who’s dar?”

He pushed open the door, and entering, said: “It is I, Aunt Chloe, am I welcome?”

“Fo’ the Lor’ Massa Lawrence, I was most skeered; lots o’ tramps around hea’ nowadays, and every time a knock comes, I think it somebody want suffin,’ jes’ as if a poor old nigga like me got bread and things to give way. Humph! this nigga can’t pay her own rent, let lone guv way to odder folks.”

“What’s that, auntie! Can’t pay the rent?”

“Hope to die, massa, if lanlor’ warn’t here to-day, and I only had one dressed dollar to guv him; but I told him I had good customers. I sed, ses I: ‘I kin pay, Mr. Skinner, only give me time; I’m ’spectable culled pusson, and don’t want to cheat nobody.’ So he said as how he’d guv me till Saturday, and I trust the Lord will fin’ it for me ‘fore then.”

“How much do you pay for the shebang, auntie?”

“Four dolla’ a munf, and its nuff too, with the rats a scaring the life out o’ me nights.”

“Ah, well, don’t fret any more, here’s a five; square up with your landlord, and keep the two for tea and things.”

“Massa Lawrence, I allers sed you was a born gentleman, and now I know it. I allers tries to do what’s right by your clothes, I duz, and if they doesn’t suit ever, just fling it at this nigga’s head, for I knows how.”

“Oh, that’s all right, the clothes suit me to a *t*, but I must tell you what I stopped in for; I just got this box from the country; it was left with some friends by my mother, who is dead and gone; they are moving for the west, so sent it to me. Contains family letters, pictures, and things of that kind; I am going over to Brooklyn to-night, and do not, of course, want to carry it with me;

the office is closed, it's too late to go up town and back again to Brooklyn, so I just said to myself : 'I'll run around to Aunt Chloe's with this, I guess she'll let me leave it there—'"

" Let you, Massa Lawrence, I's proud of the 'stinction. I'll take splendid care of it, I will; so it was you poo' old mother's property, and she's dead and gone; well—well, that's the way we all go—'"

" You had better not let any one know you have it, auntie, some people, you know, are so curious—'"

" Curus, well I reckon they be; why they's the curuses lot of folks around here you ever seen, and I'll jes' show you what I'll do; I guess they'd be both sharp and curus to git in here." And suiting the action to the word she removed some shells, a prayer book, and a few trinkets from a table, then removing the spread there was disclosed a drawer which she opened by pressing a spring underneath. The drawer was lined with zinc, " to keep the rats out," she said, and the contents were as variable as a curiosity shop.

" There, Massa Guy, slip it right in that corner, and I'll shove these papers over it, and now hear me."

Raising her hand.

" I swear 'fore the Lord nobody shall ever touch that box, nor look at it 'cept Massa Guy Lawrence. Dat's the fus' time in tree munfs that draw's been opened. An' I feel so proud that you can place confidence in an old nigga to bring your dead mother's walubables hea'; I'se very proud, 'scuse me for 'peating it."

" I know who I can trust, auntie, but I must be off, or no Brooklyn to-night ! Well, I'll call around soon. Good-night, auntie, take care of yourself."

" So I will, Massa Lawrence, and your property at the same time; God bress you !"

Guy left the shabby tenement of his wash-woman with more reliance than he entered it. That his secret was

safe with her, he felt certain, and a brisk walk soon brought him to Wall Street again. As he reached this grim home of wealth, he loitered and looked on every side, that he might be sure no chance acquaintance was near, or the policeman was not in his wake on his usual round. Making sure that he was that part of Wall street's sole occupant, he neared the door, and turning, watched a moment; a stage coach with a solitary occupant rumbled by, and then the slight figure of a man turned the corner of Broadway; evidently he was the one awaited, for another glance about him showing that the coast was clear, he opened the door of the banking house and darted inside. The stranger following close in his wake was fully as cautious, for he passed and repassed the door, not only to make sure the coast was clear, but also, that he was following the right man; eventually he made quick entrance, and the ponderous door was closed behind them.

"Good! You did not fail me," said Lawrence.

"Why should I, when I hope to gain so much? Let me thank you for your confidence in me," and the speaker an every day specimen of New York's under-crust, raised his hat.

"No confidence! for it is a mutual affair; I cannot say but you are a thief, perhaps a murderer, but we are both in the same size box; if the law reaches me, you are an accomplice; our aims are different, but success or defeat would be equally shared; so New York has not proved a kindly mother to you, hey?"

"Believe me, no! I've been trying for six months to get away from the ill-luck that's fastened to me here, but even that has been denied me, so here I remain. Curse the luck, I say!"

"Well, have you followed the instructions I gave you in all respects?"

"I think, yes. My traps, and few enough are they, are all on the wharf at —— landing, ready for me, and only

too glad will I be to sail out of New York with the rising tide. With God's help I'll never set foot on the old island again. I was brought up all right, and if my large ideas had not made me think a fortune lay here at my bidding, I should have been a different man."

"Come here expecting to make a fortune honestly, did you?" said Guy, a sarcastic smile playing over his face. "Others have tried that beside you—it can't be done in this town."

"Well, my mother educated me in the belief that 'honesty is the best policy,' but those were our grandfathers' days. It's every man for himself, nowadays, and the devil for us all; and unless I ship port, he'll get me sure."

"All right, good fellow, we'll try and give him the slip, so far as you are concerned. Here is your ticket for A——, and here are five hundred dollars," drawing both from his pocket, "may they prove your luckiest hit."

"Good—good enough! Too good luck for me, to be real," said Luther Philips.

"Now you have the cord you were to purchase?"

"Yes, I have it here, and the gag also," taking both from his pocket.

"Come this way, I've changed my plans a little as to our final course. Now, the bargain on my part is complete, you have your ticket and the five hundred to start with. You see that safe built in the wall? It contains papers, documents, so after binding and gagging me, I am to be shut in there—"

"But won't you smother in that close place?"

"No, I've examined it, there are crevices through which the air passes, and I'll risk it. The door of this safe must be left open," said he, going to the one from which he had removed the box. "And from this one we must remove the papers and pigeon holes, as if in search of money. Now, proceed, it must be getting on in the night, and you must be on the vessel betime."

"But are you to remain bound all night?"

"Yes, and until found in the morning; you must bind and gag me so securely, mind you, that every one will be convinced it was done by robbers. After putting me in the safe shut the door, and then watch your opportunity to get out of the office, lock the door, take the key, and throw it overboard when out at sea. Caution is the word, young man, not only to-night, but in all the affairs of life."

"My good sir, have you calculated your strength?"

"Never mind me, proceed," said Lawrence, firmly.

"All right, you know your own business."

And young Philips proceeded to bind and gag him in the most effectual manner. It took full a quarter of an hour, and then, indeed, Lawrence was at the mercy of the stranger. Hustling him into the safe, he shook his head, as if he did not envy him his night watch, he picked up the money and ticket from the table where he had left them, and going to the safe, he looked at Lawrence as if reluctant to leave him in such torture; but it was his own will and wish, and turning, he said:

"Farewell, and good-bye, may this night's work be the making of both of us," and as if unwilling to trust his eyes on Lawrence's face again, he closed the door quickly, and went from the place.

Lawrence listened as his footsteps died away, and in his living tomb writhed with fear and hope. His heart palpitated, his brain throbbed, and he already wished innumerable things—for water, that he had asked at the last moment; just then boomed out—and oh, how faint, far away, and drear it sounded—the chime of eleven.

"Eight hours of this. My God! already I stifle; why were these cords drawn so tight? I feel the flesh closing around them. Eight hours. I may die here; my struggle for wealth and Edith may all end in a 'found dead,' " and as the thought surged through his brain, it reeled, and mercifully forgetfulness threw her mantle over him.

CHAPTER V.

SENSATION IN WALL STREET.

“ WHERE am I? What is this?” Were the silent interrogations of Guy Lawrence, as he awoke to consciousness—not consciousness, either, but an acute realization that he was suffering the severest torture.

“ How much time has sped by since I commenced this voluntary imprisonment?”

Just then, as if in answer to his thoughts, clang, clang, until ‘five’ had boomed out the hour. “ Six hours, and I still live.”

Guy was suffering almost beyond endurance. The cords had sunken deep into the swollen flesh, and the least attempt to move gave him agony indescribable, and at the same time showed him how futile was the attempt. His whole head was aching frightfully, and it seemed to him the gag was a weight of lead.

“ Will they never come? Five o’clock, three more long hours, and then, its only Dennis; suppose the cashier should be late! Oh, for a glass of water, yes, a swallow, aye, even a drop. Can I live three hours and suffer this torture? It cannot be. Oh, heavens! was the stake large enough to endure such misery?

“ Suppose I die! Will Edith care? Will she know? No, she cannot, she may guess, but the mystery will ever be enshrouded, and if I die poor Philips is the only winner; and the Cammons, they have been good friends, and I! how have I requited them? I must live—yes, shall live. Wealth and Edith are mine, now; courage, man, its only three hours more, and then a whole life of joy; I shall live!”

Again oblivion came. Will he live? Is it possible for that swollen, purple mass to survive those tightening cords, the distended mouth, and that fetid air until outside aid arrives?

The hours rolled on; happily, Lawrence remained in the land of nothingness, as if dead—he had not aroused to further misery.

Another day of life, of business' busy hum opened at last. Feet hurried to and fro, even Wall Street showed signs of life, and shutters were thrown open, porters hustled around, that their duties might be over ere more important ones commenced.

At length the key of the porter rattled in the lock of the door which had opened and shut in one night over events that involved the future life of more than one, and provided food for wise detectives to shake their heads with solemn gravity, and newsmongers' gossip until another "mysterious robbery" took its place.

The porter had little occasion to enter the private office, his duty being each morning to take down the shutters, fill the water cooler, and have everything in ample order against the time the cashier, who was usually first at his post, put in an appearance. The entire floor had been swept and dusted the night before, but Dennis usually gave his feather duster a few vigorous waves in the morning, for well he knew "Ould Dill," as he styled the cashier, between his teeth, had a sharp eye for dust early in the morning.

The morning was bright, soft and beautiful, and Dennis, with sprinkler in hand stood outside the door chatting with his next door co-laborer, and listening to his description of a wonderful performance he had witnessed at the "Bowery" the night before, until Dennis, hearing old Trinity's alarm of half-past seven, quickly turned, and saying:

"The rest another time, me lad, that old hin of a Dill

will be along afore my dusting is over, and begob, his troat is dry in the morning, and very 'sceptible to dust. He doesn't mind it so much arter he's had his noon cocktail, and I must be at it;" and suiting the action to the word, Dennis turned in, depositing the sprinkler in its usual place, he caught the duster, and kept time with it to the tune of "Swate Ireland is my home."

After dusting thoroughly outside, he commenced upon the railing that separated the main office from the desks and private rooms; as he did so he caught sight of the open safe. With mouth agape, and eyes protruding, he stood as if riveted to the spot.

"By the howly mother, the Virgin Mary, if this isn't a go; well, now, I have it in for ould Dill; supposing it was the loikes of me that had done the careless trick. Ah—ha! how quick I would have heard:

"' Dennis, we find you are not to be trusted; we can't employ any but trusty men,' but as it is, I s'pose the ould fellow will just shet it, and say nothing about it; Faith, but he's careless. Didn't he give me a 'five,' last Christmas just as careless as another man would give me a quarther? I s'pose there's tins of thousands in there; I dunno, but be jabers I'll not go in to see, so I won't' and I'll not stir my foot out o' this either; It's a watchman, I am now, and Dennis, me lad, do your duty, and when the careless ould curmudgeon comes he must come down. Ses I; 'now what'll ye give me to hold my gab?' Och, by the howly mother, maybe he's put up this job, knowing as how the childer's sick, and 'Allie,' ailing, and Dennis behint with the rint."

"Well, Dennis, who are you talking to—yourself?"

"Talking, is it? Well, it's time somebody talked, and worked too, I reckon. Do you mind that, Misther Dill?" said Dennis, pointing in the inner office.

"Mind what?" said little Mr. Dill, coming forward.

"Faith, the moinding that till yez come, and kaping

my own knowledge to mesilf is worth fifty dollars, I think."

"Good heavens! what's this? A burglary, sure's fate," and opening the gate of the railing, he rushed to the safe.

"Burglars, is it? murther!"

"Hush, you idiot, go quietly until you see an officer, and bring him here; no noise to bring a crowd, mind you. Perhaps there is no harm done."

Dennis threw on his old hat, and with a white face, started out, and, strange as it may seem, met an officer within a few rods of the door.

"There's bloody work in our place, Misther Police man!"

"A murder, do you say?"

"Och, not so bad as that, but come in, the safe is open, and perhaps the bosses are robbed intirely, and that's next to murder."

The officer made his way rapidly into the place, and some half dozen of those so ready to scent mischief, seeing the movement, essayed to follow, but the officer, entering, closed the door, shutting out the disappointed, eager crowd, who could only stand with mouths open and eyes riveted upon the massive door, as if that could speak and tell them the cause of the excitement.

"Hallo, cashier! Anything wrong?" said the officer, as he entered the inner office.

"I should say, something. We've been robbed. The safes have been opened; this one, the money safe, contained a large amount of money, and it's gone!" said Mr. Dill, dropping into the nearest chair, very pale and trembling.

"Let's look about and see the worst of it; what are these papers and pigeon holes thrown out here?"

"They belong to the other safe, evidently thrown out looking for more money."

"Oh, my God! but this *has* been a disastrous night,"

said the cashier, "I've begged so many times that they keep a watchman."

"Can you open this other? Let's find the extent of the damage as quickly as possible."

"Certainly," said Mr. Dill, and suiting the action to the word, he drew a key from his pocket and quickly opened the door, but as he did, gave a terrific moan, as the sight of Lawrence, bound, gagged, purple, swollen, and to all appearance, dead, was disclosed to him.

"How's this? have we one of them here, caught in his own trap?"

"My heavens, man, no! that is Lawrence, the confidential clerk!"

"Heavens! is that so? Here, get him out, handle him carefully, there may be life yet, lay him here on this couch where he'll get air. Cut the cords, quick, I guess he's done for, poor fellow. Gad! 'twas enough to bind him like this, without shutting him in that stifling hole. Wonder if they thought a man, crippled like he is, could follow and give an alarm."

The cords were carefully removed from the deep ridges they had made in the flesh, the gag taken from his mouth, and the mouth partially closing showed there was some life. They rubbed him for a few moments, and as his limbs relaxed their rigidity, so they could straighten him, they had hopes, and quickly calling in two of the outside loiterers, they carried him to the house of the nearest physician.

He looked at him, felt his pulse, raised his eyelids, and after close scrutiny, ordered the crowd to fall back, and loosening his clothes, set to work to restore animation.

The Cammons were sent for in haste. Mr. Dill had nothing to say as to the losses, only shaking his head, as if it could be no worse.

The police took possession of the place, and the usual surging crowd gathered around, speculated and wondered,

while "knowing ones," who help to make up every crowd, enlightened the rest as to how it was probably done.

Of course it took no great length of time for the news to spread among the down town business houses, and the first edition of the *News*, with the posters at every office, soon heralded the news over the entire city.

How was it accomplished? The officer swore he tried the door on each round, and it was always secure. Dennis unlocked the door as usual, the lock was in no wise tampered with.

The Messrs. Cammon made their appearance with every evidence of a hurried toilet, and both completely stunned at the sight of the night's work.

Barely stopping for the outside facts, and learning where Lawrence had been taken, they left the place in its confusion in the hands of the officers, and hurried to see their suffering clerk.

By the time of their arrival, Lawrence had been partially restored to consciousness, but not seeming to recognize the situation or those about him. Dennis, with whom "Mister Guy" was a great favorite, had not left his side, and watched him anxiously.

Guy lay there like dead, the blood slowly circulating through his veins, causing the color to change, now purple, now white, then the fainter tinge, more health-like.

The physician watched him narrowly, and as he thought he could bear it, inserted a few drops of restorative through his pallid lips and set teeth.

As strength came, he grew delirious, and that "the cords drew so tight," "and drops of water," "eight hours," and such broken sentences, showing that in his delirium he was still suffering inside the safe.

His physician thinking it highly imprudent to try to rouse him to thought, the Cammons, after instructing him to leave nothing undone that skill or money could suggest,

gave glances of sympathetic kindness at Guy's unconscious face, and returned to their banking house.

Here confusion reigned ! Everybody was anxious to see where he had been locked in, where the money stood, and even the cord that bound him was handled and examined as if it could explain the mystery.

At last, one more curious than all, took his knife from his pocket, and cut an end from the cord as a memento.

An officer spied him, and that crowd was quickly hustled into the street, with an energetic "move on" from the officer on beat, followed by a vigorous swinging of his locust.

The bankers were quickly closeted with experts from the detective force, and after every part of the ground had been thoroughly gone over, there were whispered consultations, wise, but dubious shakings of the head, and but little encouragement was given regarding the finding of either plunder or plunderers.

They insisted that some one well acquainted with the ways of the house, and more particularly the customs of Lawrence, had carried out this most successful robbery, and left the office determined to ferret out the secret life of the employees of the great bankers.

Was Lawrence suspected ? Did any one say: "Guess he could tell a story if he choose!"

Not one. Everybody looked upon and spoke of him as the equal victim with the Cammons, for had he not barely escaped with life ?

The Cammons, the detectives, and all connected with the house, even to Dennis, searched and noted every source from which a clue might be obtained, but the mystery only darkened the more it was looked into, and the more each seemed to strive for an avenue of light.

The detectives watched every crib, shadowed all well known burglars, every steamer was watched, and each passenger closely scanned,

Burglars or their pals who were not found in their usual haunts were hunted up and the detectives made frequent journeys out of New York in various directions, seeking clues. They were, as usual, splendid at starting these clues, and as usual, they, upon investigation, dissolved in empty air.

The Cammons were very solicitous for young Lawrence, and the old man seemed as kindly watchful over him as if he were his own son.

The tears would course down his cheeks when recounting the sufferings he must have undergone to his old friends, who came from all parts of the city to condole with him, immediately they learned of his misfortune.

Guy's pockets were searched, and it was found the keys of the outer door, the safes, and his own desk, were all gone.

Dennis said: "Misther Lawrence tould me he should work late and to lock up and go home, an' I left him a settin' there beyant at his desk, busy writing."

The cashier knew that there were certain papers to be used, that Guy was to fix up ready for morning, and upon examining they were found carefully finished, and his books and papers left in their usual methodical neatness. His hat was found on the floor not far from the safe, and every circumstance led to the belief that he remained until quite late to finish his work, and after everything was done and locked up with his usual care, he had started out.

Some wide awake thieves had been watching him, knew his custom of working late, and had stationed themselves near. When he came to the door, opened it, and turned to put the key in the outside, they had quickly pounced upon him, dragged him back, locked the door on the inside, and Guy, the keys, safes, money and all, were at their mercy and disposal.

This was the theory adopted by all, after gleaning all that could be had outside of Lawrence's own story.

Never had Wall Street been so stirred by any excitement in its midst. Bankers employed watchmen who had hitherto felt perfectly secure.

New locks were added to doors thought most secure, and burglar alarms were attached to offices and rooms hitherto thought burglar proof.

The day had waned, and night was again stealing on.

Merchants and bankers lingered after their usual hour of retiring, to give extra precaution to those in charge of closing, so nervous and timid had this exciting and audacious robber made them.

And what of Lawrence?

How had the day passed with him.

Delirium had followed resuscitation and it was only at intervals that he seemed to even realize who he was.

The Cammons went around to the physician's again on their way up town, but were advised not to see him, or to try in any way to tax his memory with the events of the previous night, while in his present enfeebled state.

Again enjoining the physician regarding the care and attention bestowed upon "the poor boy," as old Mr. Cammon termed him, they left for their up town home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONVALESCENT.

THE next day passed, and everything about the office of the scene of the great robbery had assumed its usual aspect.

Guy lay in the same room at the physician's house, weak, and scarcely alive. He had, in reality, suffered intensely, and had he not been found as he was, probably another hour would have found him securely locked in the arms of that sleep that knows no waking.

His flesh still showed visibly the deep creases made by

the cords, and the least movement or touch gave him intense pain. He spoke latterly in the day, but feebly, and seemed averse to any exertion, lying with his eyes closed, and they sunken, with dark shades around them, and his pallid lips told the tale of his night's suffering.

His employers and friends were in and out often to see him, but as yet, none had been allowed to broach the subject to him.

On the morning of the third day, after a night of rest and freedom from fever, he awoke more like himself.

Everything seemed mysterious and strange. The room, its surroundings, the attendants were all unlike his usual home, but he was too weak to talk, and only said, after gazing about him for a while:

“What day is it?”

“To-day is Friday,” was the answer of the doctor’s assistant, who was alone with him.

The physician just then came in, and looking at his patient, said:

“Well, we have somebody brighter this morning. How is it, Mr. Lawrence, feel more like yourself?”

“Well, I can’t say who I feel like. I must get to my room,” at the same time essaying to raise his head, but the slight effort was enough.

“Tut—tut,” said the physician, “none of that until you have had some stimulus in the shape of a tonic, and your breakfast.”

Too weak to reply, Guy stared at the doctor vacantly, and he turned to his assistant, and gave him a quiet order; at the same time taking a bottle and spoon from the table, he quickly prepared an effervescing potion which Guy swallowed without query, and which quickly took effect, shown in his brightening eye, and the tinge of color on his cheek.

Just then a light and delicate repast was brought, and he soon found that eating was quite a relish.

"Doctor, will you see that there is no delay about my getting up town to my rooms? I cannot compose myself—cannot seem at home elsewhere."

"Certainly," said the good-natured physician, "you can be removed at an early hour this morning, and doubtless the drive will strengthen you."

A carriage was soon at the door, and he was slowly driven to his own home. Once more in his own suite of apartments, he could think.

He had lain the latter part of the night previous in a state of uncertainty. The deed that had been accomplished, the cords that had bound him, the gag that made his jaws so frightfully painful were all vivid enough, but why he should be unconscious of what followed, he could not realize.

And once or twice he trembled, fearing that in his sleep, or delirium, he might have said too much; and wondered had he betrayed himself.

After resting for a time on his luxurious couch, things became more real, and he could remember that he fainted when counting the hours in the safe that he must still suffer, and he could easily realize how he had been taken to the physician's while still unconscious. But of one thing he could not be assured until he had seen Mr. Cammon, or his son, and noted their treatment of him—whether in his tortured fancies he had enacted the scene over again.

He was not long left in suspense, for immediately his employers found he had been removed, and was himself again, they lost no time in reaching his bedside.

The servant announced that they were in the parlor below, and he sent a request that they should come to him. The few moments that intervened between the request and the entrance was to him a short eternity. And well was it that his weakened state was a sufficient disguise for his startled look and trembling body.

One look at them, however, reassured him, for their countenances expressed nothing but friendly sympathy.

He raised his head as they came toward the couch, and Mr. Cammon, Sr., springing forward, said:

"Don't move, my boy. Thank God, you can speak! How are you? Much better, I trust?"

"Heigho!" said young Cammon. "How is it, Lawrence, coming out all right?" and each, in turn, took him by the hand.

"Thank you sincerely for your interest; I imagine I'll get the best of it in a few days. But tell me, pray, what has happened?"

"Don't you know?" said the old man. "You ought to remember, if anybody, Guy; they say suffering makes us over-sensitive to actual occurrences, and sure it is."

"You have been the bodily sufferer," said the younger.

And at the same time, saying to himself: "Egad! I wouldn't have gone through what he has, for the sum lost!"

CHAPTER VII.

A WELL TOLD TALE.

GUY lay for a moment as if trying to recall the terrible circumstances, pressed his hand over his eyes, and said:

"I recollect something terrible, something so sudden and unexpected. What was it?"

"You remember you were in the office at night?"

"Yes, I recollect that perfectly."

"You know that we have been robbed, that the keys have been taken from you?" said Mr. Cammon.

"Robbed! They carried it out, did they? But how much was taken, Mr. Cammon?"

"Why, all that was in the safe, the five hundred thousand dollars."

"Great heavens! do you tell me that, and was no discovery made? Did no one see or hear anything whereby a clue might be gained?" said Guy, with great excitement.

"None, whatever, unless you have one; both robbers and plunder have vanished from sight. Everything has been done—every avenue visited where a clue offered, but thus far it's the greatest mystery Wall Street has ever known."

"What can you recollect of the affair, Lawrence?" said young Cammon.

"Oh, I've done nothing all the morning but to try and remember; but everything seems so vague, it's so like a horrid nightmare. You know I stopped late, there were those quotations to be got ready, and then the late mail by the overland route, you said they must be answered by early morning mail. I cannot rest if anything important is left undone, so I thought it better to finish while I was in the office, than to pass a sleepless night over the unfinished work, and hurry down in the morning. I did so, and it was fully half past nine when I was done, and after seeing that everything was as usual, I unlocked the door, and opened it. Two powerful men rushed upon me, from where I know not, it seemed as if they dropped from above into the doorway. They quickly shoved me inside. I attempted, and partially succeeded in getting loose from them, putting my foot in the door to prevent their shutting it. Just as I opened my mouth to scream, a huge fist was closed over it, I was drawn back, the door closed and locked; I was quickly gagged and bound to a chair, and there I was obliged to submit to their overhauling my pockets, until they found the keys."

Lawrence stopped as if to get breath, and pointed to a bottle on the mantel. Young Cammon took it, and reading the directions, poured a teaspoonful in half a glass of ice water, and gave it to him.

"I fear we are taxing you too greatly Guy, my boy," said the elder gentleman.

"Yes, that's so," said the younger, and with reluctance in his tones, as if they wished to know it all—"Shall we go, and hear the rest when you are stronger?"

"No—oh, no!" said Guy—"this revives me, I was thirsty—that gag has raised the deuce with my mouth and throat."

"Well, rest when you wish," said the old gentleman, whose greater loss was swallowed up in the thoughts of Guy's peril.

"You know I had the keys to both safes, as well as the outer door. They took those, and evidently thought the money would be found in the brick safe, pulling out papers and upsetting everything. Wasn't everything in fearful confusion?"

"You may well suppose that," was the answer.

"When they did not find it, I heard them muttering something about 'depositing,' 'ill luck,' and 'hurrying to catch' something. Then they turned to the other, opened it, and took out the box; when I saw the man lay his hand on that, I fainted, and when I came to, was just being thrown into the safe—as the door shut, I recollect one of them saying:

"I knowed they hadn't deposited, for I've shadowed 'em all day."

"It's just as I thought," said old Mr. Cammon.

And the young man nodded his head thoughtfully, and then said:

"And can you remember nothing about them, were their looks or voices at all familiar to you?"

"They were disguised, evidently, but there was nothing about them to remind me of any one with whom I ever came in contact; I think I should know the one that gagged me, for I threw up my arm and knocked his hat off. He was bald-headed."

"Poor clue, that, in these days of bald-headed men. Probably they are making their way to another country with their ill-gotten gains, ere this," said Mr. Cammon, spiritedly.

"I fear it, too. Why—why was I unconscious? Why did I not possess greater nerve, and keep my senses for the morning?" said Guy, bitterly.

"There—there, boy, do not murmur, rather thank God you are alive; everybody says it's wonderful how you endured such torture so many hours!"

"Then Mr.—both of you—you do believe I did my best, that I was not unguarded in any way? Oh, how sorry I am that it should have been I!"

"No, Guy, if the money were to be stolen, as it was, and we never recover it, 'twere better you were there than any one else, or had it been some other, a lingering doubt might have existed as to complicity; as it is, it is a misfortune. You did all you could, and in such a sudden surprise you could hardly have held your own against one, let alone two, had you been ever so strong. You say they were powerful men?"

"They seemed like giants in size, as they sprang to my side. Yes, they were powerful men! I have always felt we ought to have a watchman, as you remember. I've often expressed myself to you," said Lawrence, after a moment's pause.

"I know—I know; but it has always seemed to me we were securely shut in against burglars. Our safes are the strongest, the locks the best, I've always felt most secure; but from this time out, we must have a watchman; and I've had the locks on both safes changed. No telling where those keys are, but now we have combination locks, the secret of which will be known to but one."

"Yes—yes; do so, would that I'd not had the keys on that fatal night."

"I am not prepared to say that. Had you not, they

might have murdered you, as well. Revenge they would have had in some shape and form, and such men never scruple at a life."

"Even so, I would have escaped all this remorse, this self-abasement, to think you, sir, who have been everything to me, should have suffered such a loss through me."

"But you look at it in too severe a light. It would have happened the same, had I or my son been there; we hold you blameless, and only hope you may recover speedily from the effects of your sufferings."

"Well, father, shall we get down town?"

"Yes—yes, always ready, we have talked to Lawrence, and kept him talking too long. Now, you take care of yourself, some of us will get around to see you often, and you must hurry up and get strength, for your cool young brain will be sadly needed after this crippling affair."

"And, Guy," said young Cammon, "we'll take care that you are not put in such danger again. Why, had you died, I could never have forgiven myself."

"Good-bye; God bless you?" said the old gentleman, and the younger shook him by the hand, and begged him to rest after all the excitement, and he was left alone.

Alone. How he had been longing for the moment, from the very instant he saw that he was looked upon as a martyr.

Alone with his thoughts, and what were they? Triumphant after the mock air of misery he had donned for his employer's visit; triumphant and exulting.

"What, after all, is this pain and torture of a few days that I have experienced, in comparison with the years of wealth and happiness before me? Why, I am almost afraid to close my eyes for fear it will prove but a dream, and that I am reveling in fancy. Ah, I've reveled these many years in fancy, that I was rich Guy Lawrence, the banker. It may not—cannot be that yet, but it can be, Guy Lawrence, of Murray Hill—and Edith, she has heard.

Does she suspect it's our compact sealed? Ah, that I could see her—drop her a line; but no; after this success, after this deep-laid plan ne'er missing shore, I'll not be weak now. There is the bark where so many strand; success gained, they are inflated with their own wisdom, and some foolishly wreck it all, and strand in the gulf of ignominy. I'm faint. Ah! here comes the servant. A potion from the bottle, girl, I'm weak."

The girl handed it, and after closing the blinds, and dropping the curtains, as he requested, she left the room.

"And now, good news, lucky day, flitting vision of my life fastened in reality—I'll sleep—sleep, gain strength, that I may soon enjoy the good fortune that awaits me. Edith is mine. Wealth is mine. Can man want more?" and with this vision before him, he slept until day had settled into dusky eve.

After being assured, as Guy Lawrence was, when the conference with his employers had closed, that his bold plot had thoroughly succeeded, his recovery was rapid, and the following Wednesday found him up and able to get around his room, and as strength came, there came with it the ardent desire to get the box, for which he had risked so much, into his possession.

And on the evening in question, after his usual friendly callers had all been in, including Mr. Cammon, the elder, and Guy had promised to be at his desk the next day, if only for a short time, he had left, saying, as he shook him by the hand in his usual hearty manner:

"We miss you, boy, and if you are not able to do much, come down and let them all see that you are worth a dozen dead men yet!"

After watching from the window the old gentleman enter his coupe, Guy sat lost in thought, revolving through his mind just what would be his next safest move. He resolved to go to Aunt Chloe's and get the box.

Turning the gas low, he looked out in the hall, and

quietly turning the key in the door, he made his way from the house, knowing that if any one should go to his room, they would suppose him lying down, and go away without other thought.

He took a stage down Broadway, getting out at Trinity.

As he glanced down Wall Street, a chilling tremor passed over his frame, as he thought of the tragic scene, in which he had been the chief actor, that transpired on his last visit in that locality.

Passing on down Rector Street, his musings were not o'er pleasing, but he brought to bear the will that had not deserted him in greater emergencies, and by the time he had reached the door of his washerwoman, he was in his usual placid frame of mind.

Aunt Chloe stood in the door, and as she saw him coming, she crossed her hands, and said: "Bless the Lord!"

Guy smiled, and said: "well aunty. you look surprised; anything the matter? Do I look ghost-like?"

"Massa Lawrence, I've done nuffin but dream—dream—dream, since you war here and left that box! I know'd suffin was going to happen and the udder night I dreamed I seed you laid out in a gold coffin. I went next day and played 74, 6, 7, and won three dollar, than I knowed suah it was true; and when I went up dar, with your cloe's Saturday night, and that waiter gal said as how I couldn't see you, for you war drefful sick, I was that frustrated, that I tho't I'd faint. Sez I, to the girl, an awful pert piece she is, too, sez I, 'Massa Lawrence a tickeler fren' of mine, and I'd like to see could I do anything for him.' "

"' Oh, you go 'long !' says she, 'guess Mr. Lawrence, do't want no nigga's honeying 'round him,' and with that she slammed the door in my face. Dem Irishers don't neber know their place, Massa Guy, so they don't."

"Well, never mind, aunty, had I known you were there,

you should have come up; I was pretty sick for a few days, but am all right now."

"I'se glad of dat, Massa Lawrence, for I was drefful worried, and sez to myself, 'sposin' he should die, who would own de property he lef' in my care, and I wondered would it be proper and 'spectable to advertise I had it."

Guy laughed (rather sickly, too, as he thought of what might have followed in such a case), and said:

"Well, you see, aunty, I've turned up all right, and saved you the trouble, but, anyhow, I guess the box would hardly have paid for the advertisement; but I'll take it now, and you'll have no further anxiety."

"Right am right, massa, and if de wust had come, the box would ha' burned me if I'd a touched it, without trying to find its rightful owner—I never wants nuffin' that belongs to anybody else," and while sending these home thrusts to Guy, all unconscious though she was, she had removed the ornaments and spread from the table, and touching the spring, the drawer flew open.

"There, Massa Lawrence, that ar draw has been shet from the day you shet it till now, and I 'livers up your property as you lef' it; no mortal hands has 'taminated it by a touch."

"I know, of course it's all right, aunty, and here's a five for your trouble of mind over it! Let me see—how much do I owe you for washing now, aunty? You know I leave all this bother to you."

"Don't mention it, Massa Lawrence; I jest tink if every old nigga have such a good customer as you, they'd get along."

"Tut—tut! as you say, right is right; the bill for washing is due, what I choose to give you is another thing, so speak out."

"I'se 'shamed after your 'ceeding liberality, but it's

jest two dolla', and I hope I please you with dem las' shirts."

"All right, aunty, here's the two, and now I'll take this box home; and if I'm not too tired will look it over, and see what it contains."

"Don't tax yourself too much, Massa Lawrence. I know's you's weak yet, for you is awful pale and pinched like, and you know when one gets a 'lapse after a fever, it goes wusser the second time nor the fust.'" And Aunt Chloe looked the oracle indeed, as she gave her sage advice to Guy.

"I'll take care, you need never fear; a dose of one week is enough for me. Well, 'so long' aunty, be good to yourself."

"Good-night, Massa Lawrence, any time dis chile can serve you in any way, she's more'n willing," and Aunt Chloe bowed her visitor out of the door, little suspecting she had been the medium for carrying out the greatest fraud of the times.

"I've allus said that Massa Guy was a rale born gentleman, and now I knows it; there must be suffern blood in him; jes' like old massa down souf; never tickler about the change—dat makes twelve dolla' he's gin me within two weeks; ha, dis chile getting rich; wish more men like what he is."

Guy walked up to Church Street where the Broadway cars turn, and having the collar of his coat turned up, as the evening was chilly, he entered an almost empty car, and carelessly placing his package between his feet, he settled down in the corner, thoroughly tired out and with his chin dropped upon his breast he took no note, and was noticed by none, except as a sleepy fellow traveler.

Getting out at the corner of the street he was soon in his room, with his long wished for wealth safe in his grasp.

Opening his trunk he placed it in the bottom, and

securely locked it, and retired to rest without a thought of what the future might bring forth.

The next morning he entered the office in Wall Street after all were there. The congratulations he received at his reappearance, from the senior banker down to Dennis, the porter, were sincere and abundant, and he felt, when they were over, that he was indeed the hero of the hour.

Sensations follow each other so quickly in New York, that the greatest are but short-lived, and in a week this bold and daring robbery had been canvassed on every side, and the theory generally adopted by press and people that it had been carried out by experts, who had been laying their plans for a long time, watching the habits and movemens of the firm, and only struck the final blow when success was certain.

The firm of Cammon was too old and trusted a firm for the least suspicion to fasten to them, as it might to many others on the street, and they met with encouragement and offers of assistance on every hand.

Guy turned his whole thoughts and energies to restoring the fortunes of the crippled firm, and so able was he that the firm more than once congratulated themselves upon his recovery. He seemed more lost and morose than ever; and Mr. Cammon, feeling that he was suffering in mind for the loss they had sustained through him, took pains to cheer him, and to let him see no blame attached to him.

"Why, Guy, my boy, no use crying over spilled milk, we are coming out all right! Cheer up! it might have been worse. You might have been killed outright. Come—come, no more repining, the future is before us."

Rewards were offered. Detectives traveled here and there, but no tidings came of the lost money, and soon it was among the forgotten misfortunes, even with the principal losers.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEXT MOVE.

A MONTH had passed by, and Guy Lawrence was, to all appearances, the same as ever. And had he waited all this time without seeing Edith?

He had called once, and been told "she was out of town."

Sauntering leisurely up town one pleasant afternoon, when the promenade was lined with gayly dressed people out to see and be seen, and the drive thickly studded with handsome and stylish equipages, the occupants looking out benignly upon their less fortunate neighbors on the walk.

Guy was really looking neither here nor there, until something intuitive told him eyes were upon him. He looked up quickly, and saw Edith and her mother in their carriage. Edith had her head quite in range with the window as if to attract his attention; he raised his hat and bowed; she at the same time bowed and drooped her eyelids significantly, and the carriage had passed over to Madison Avenue.

Guy walked on unconscious that many eyes of acquaintances were upon him, and many times it was whispered by those who passed him: "That is the man who was gagged and bound in Wall Street."

His thoughts were busy as to the next move. Edith's telegraphing read: "Come and see me." Should he go that night, and should he take the box, or should he first go and see how the land lay.

He finally concluded upon the latter as the best method, and turning off Broadway he was soon at his rooms.

After dinner he went out, and walking slowly along

(Guy had become very methodical in his habits of late, as if any haste would be construed to his disadvantage), and finally Murray Hill was reached. He walked on the opposite side from Edith's residence, and as he was passing he saw something white flit across the window, and quickly after, the vestibule door opened.

Guy passed quickly over, and in a moment was within the doors, for Edith had taken the precaution to close the inner door after her.

She took his extended hand in both hers, and said:

“ Guy, what a stranger !”

“ Do you think so, my love ? Then I have not been forgotten. But you have heard of me, surely, Edith ?”

“ Have I not heard of you ? Has not every one heard of Guy Lawrence and his narrow escape in protecting the property of his employer ? Oh, Guy ! you do not know how I have missed you, and—”

“ And yet you left town while my greatest peril lasted.”

“ My love ! my king ! could I, dare I, show more than ordinary interest ? What was Guy Lawrence to me more than a thousand others ?”

“ Edith, you remember when last we met, you remember our compact ?”

“ Guy, could I forget ?”

“ And your mind is not changed ?”

“ I am ready to be your queen.”

“ You heard of the immense sum taken from our firm ? of my—”

“ I heard and read it all, Guy, and do you doubt I, too, suffered, fearing you might die ?”

“ I did indeed suffer, Edith, but you hoped and believed ?”

“ I felt sure, Guy, you were suffering for a purpose; that Guy Lawrence had never put himself in the toils without certain recompense.”

" You are right, love. When shall I come and bring—"

" 'Sh; come this time to-morrow night. I will be ready for you."

" I will; until then, good-night; be cautious."

" No need to tell me, love, I'm the soul of caution," and drawing his face to hers she exchanged kisses with him, the door opened and shut, and she entering the other, went quietly to her room.

The next day Edith went to her parents and demanded a check for five hundred dollars.

They both trembled, for well they knew from former experience the storm that was to follow.

" Why, Edith, my love," said her mother, in her usual wheedling tone, " what, my dear, do you need of such an amount ?"

" Come—come, lassie remember father is not made of money !" said the old gentleman, treating it in a light of a joke.

" That's neither here nor there; I'm so tired of all this twisting and screwing to pretend we have what we have not, I am going to give an evening reception, get my wardrobe in readiness and clear out."

" Oh, Edith—Edith !" said her father, now thoroughly aroused, " money is awful tight, I can't. You must not think of any useless expenditure just now; I assure you my love, father is doing everything he can."

" Edith darling wait; your father may have some fortunate speculation that will give us——"

" Fortunate fiddlesticks ! He have good luck ! yes if he made two hundred to-day, he'd lose five hundred to-morrow. Now see here, I look upon you as two old fossils if you do have the honor of being my parents—I cannot remember when I've not heard the song ' short of money and wait for a turn of luck.' While we are waiting everything is getting threadbare and I am tired of this everlasting poverty."

" Why Edith, how you go on. You know everybody thinks you are an heiress."

" Bah! 'everybody thinks?' well then, I'll make it so; I've lived this way, as long as I will, the question is, will you submit to my interference, or shall I leave you to sink still lower in the depths of poverty?"

Mrs. Harvey sought woman's refuge, tears, whilst the father went hurriedly to his desk and took out a package of papers, as if sure there was wealth among them.

" See here, mother, stop your snivelling, I'm used to it; you've been a cry baby ever since I can remember, and you, father, there's no use overhauling your papers, they are dry as a last year's bouquet, I want you to listen—

" I own this house, don't I, it's mine?"

" Why, yes," said her father, slowly, " when we are through with it."

" You are through with it; well, nobody wants you to die, but I want to say to you I am going to take control now; you've run the thing into the ground—I can do no worse, and think I can do better. Now, I want to know if you will quietly and willingly give this matter into my hands? No questioning, no remarks, and above all, no whining."

" Oh, Edith—Edith! what disgrace this is—surely, you are not going to take boarders?"

" Boarders, mother? Have I ever been a fool?"

" Well, my daughter, I hope you are not going to mortgage the property?"

" Now see here, I said no questioning; I've no idea of raising a little ready money, and then keeping my wits at work to pay for the raise; I say I'll do better than you have done, man though you are, and you shall live in at least as good style as now, and I trust, more contentment. Will you agree to it?"

" Why, my child, why do you expect, to succeed where your father has failed? Don't get any strong minded

notions in your head. Wait; you may marry a rich man —you might before now, if you had not been so headstrong, I'm sure of it?"

"Marry rich! You and father have dwelt on that ever since I was in short dresses. I have made up my mind to please myself in that matter; but where's the use of all this parleying and gabble; from this time I assume all control of this establishment, and you shall submit. Thwart my plans in any way, and disgrace will be sure to follow. From this day I'm mistress of my own home," and as she finished the edict, she swept from the room, her eyes flashing fire.

"O, father—father! what shall we do with that child? I always said you'd ruin her, always letting her have her own way in everything," and the old lady moaned and whined bitterly.

"I? well now, mother, see here, that is most too much; why, if that girl cried for the moon when she was little, you'd scold the nurse because she didn't get it for her. Come—come, we won't quarrel; our race is about run. Let Edith take charge; she'll soon tire of it, and maybe it'll break her spirit a bit."

The old lady shook her head, wiped her eyes, smoothed her black silk skirt, and went off into a senseless jargon about the little respect children had for their parents nowadays, and how it was when she was young, never thinking that the fault could lie with the parents of to-day.

The next day after his interview with Edith, Guy Lawrence asked the privilege of a private interview with Mr. Cammon, and quite astonished him by announcing to him that he contemplated matrimony.

"Good—good, Guy! I'm glad to hear it. It's just what you need, a wife to draw you out; I often wondered you never thought of it; and who is the lucky lady, my son? Yes, son, I'll call you."

"Yes, do, Mr. Cammon, for you've been a father to

me, and there is no one else to consult in this matter but you. You asked who was the lucky lady; perhaps, when you hear the name, you will consider me the lucky man—it's Edith Harvey, the daughter of Mark Harvey, of Murray Hill."

"Well, I should say you were open for congratulation; why, I recollect Miss Harvey, I often saw her in society last winter, a sparkling, majestic girl, and her father is a rich man, owns the house they live in. Yes—yes, a fine man; and, Guy, isn't she the only child?"

"She is, sir—but I don't know; I've hesitated a good deal. I—I'd dislike to have it said I married for money."

"There, now, don't go to being foolish, send 'em to me; why, I'll tell anybody you'd run away from a fortune, sooner than marry to secure one. Go ahead; if things go all right we'll make an increase of your salary before long—should have done it, had it not been for that confounded robbery. Little good may it do the getters of it, say I. But you just follow this right up! Why, it'll be the making of you, to marry into such a family, and such a go-ahead girl as I think Miss Harvey is," and the old gentleman gave him a good natured slap, as he left the office.

"It seems that way to me, too," Guy dryly thought to himself, as he turned to his desk again. Guy never lost sight of appearances, and each day found him as late as any, and as keenly alive to his employer's interests as ever.

The time for closing came, but he remained some fifteen minutes after the others had left, for he was too full of his thoughts to risk any intrusion upon them, by mingling with the others when closing time was near.

At length he took his hat and cane, went into the outer office, nodded to the watchman, already on duty, passed out into the street, walked to the corner of Broadway, took a stage, and was rapidly jolted up town.

Again night and the hour that he was to meet Edith drew on. He dressed himself with scrupulous care, and when it was dark enough that his movements might not be noted he sauntered leisurely from the house, and took the same direction as the night previous, but this time he carried a package in brown paper, probably a gift for his intended bride.

Edith was on the watch, and opening the door, she put her fingers to her lips, and then motioned for him to follow her.

He did so, and they went directly to a room in the upper part of the house. They entered, and she quickly closed and locked the door.

"Well, Edith, here I am!" and he drew a long sigh, as if it was some relief to feel that another was to help carry the burden.

"Yes, Guy, and you are more than welcome—noble man!"

"Can you guess why I have come?"

"To convince me that you have done what one man in ten thousand could not have done successfully. You have the five hundred thousand that detectives are hunting for across the water. Ha—ha! I laugh when I think how skilfully you dusted all their eyes."

"Well, here it is, Edith," and he tossed it on the couch, by her side.

"Lucky man! a fortune at a single stroke, and a hero and martyr beside. Why, Guy, there are no words to express all you merit."

"Yes, there is; and only one. Do I merit this long coveted hand?" and he took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Indeed, yes; from this hour it's yours, my ideal hero! Guy, I've always loved you, and now I worship you!"

"Well, when can I claim it before the world? May I continue to plan?"

"Yes; tell me your wishes, and we will see how they can be carried out together," said she, reclining her head lovingly on his shoulder.

"It seems to me there need be no delay about our marriage. You are, in reality, your own mistress, and our wishes are the only ones to consult. Your parents will hardly feel like interfering with your inclinations; will they, my love?"

"No, indeed. I yesterday held a long conversation with them, which ended in my insisting upon assuming control here. It was a bitter pill for them, but I was firm, and shall have no further trouble."

"In one month from to-night we will be married. You can make all preparation in that time, can't you?"

"Certainly I can," was Edith's loving reply.

"In the meantime I will go on with my business the same as ever. And, darling, I feel sure that everything will go well with us."

"My heart is too full for speech to-night, Guy. It seems as if everything has been brought about so nicely, so securely, that I almost wish to sing with joy."

"I, too, am happy, Edith, but am looking forward to still greater," said Guy, drawing her toward him caressingly.

"Of one thing, let us be cautious, however happy we feel we must betray no joy, no good fortune. Let us not forget that many eyes are upon us, and it is not for us to say how eagerly we will be scrutinized."

The conversation continued for some time, and after everything was arranged, even to the counting of the money, they canvassed where it was best to put it.

"I have it," said Edith. "When father was in Japan, years ago, he secured this ebony escritoire. It has stood in my room many years, for when I was told I must put away my dollies, and go to school, now don't laugh at me, Guy, I cried three days, and would only be pacified

when mother consented to give me this valuable box to put my favorite dolly in. I did, with her wardrobe, lay her away as sacredly and tearfully as a mother would her eldest born, and it has never been touched by any one since. Mother thinks I lost the key at school. Suppose we put our treasure of mature years with that of childhood?"

Guy readily consented, and Edith, procuring the key from her jewel casket, inserted it in the lock, and said:

"Now, Guy, open it."

Guy took hold of the jeweled knob, but it resisted his strength.

Edith laughed, and slipping one hand under the box and one back of the lid, she pressed two springs at the same moment, and the cover flew open.

Guy laughed as the upturned face of Dolly in her white satin party dress was exposed to view.

"You put her away in style, didn't you, Edith?"

"Yes," she said, taking the doll and contents out. Touching another spring, still another drawer was exposed, and here they put their treasure, Edith reserving three one thousand dollar bills for present use.

Everything was soon deposited, Dolly was replaced in its satin bed, and Edith, arranging the springs, turned the key, and touching a spring in her jewel case, inserted it in the side.

"Why, Edith, you abound in springs; I never saw a jewel case with a secret drawer in the side before."

"I have a great love of knowing that everybody is not examining my possessions. That box was made to order years ago."

After a few moments' more conversation and loving embraces, Edith unlocked the door, calling his attention to the fact that it was a new burglar attachment with a spring so that the door was never left open by any chance.

They went down stairs, and a good-night kiss at the door separated them and closed affairs for that night.

As Edith turned to go up stairs again, she was confronted by both her parents who stood within the parlor door.

They both stood staring at her as if suddenly bereft of their senses.

“ Edith, my child, my daughter! what have you done ? ” said her mother, as usual, sobbing.

“ Edith Harvey, explain this at once ! ” said her father, with more of rage in his voice than she had ever before heard.

“ Explain what ? ” said Edith, smiling.

“ Who was that who came from the upper room with you ? ” said her father, sternly.

“ That was Guy Lawrence, father, why ? ”

“ Why ! Oh, Edith ! do you stand there unblushingly, and tell me you entertained a gentleman in your private apartment ? ” said her father, turning now pale, now red, as the thought of the disgrace passed over him.

“ Yes, and shall do so again, if I choose.”

“ Edith—Edith ! has it come to this ? I thought my child had at least honorable instincts,” and the old lady buried her face in her handkerchief.

“ Edith, explain this at once, or I shall take measures to show you that I am still your guardian and master.”

“ There, there, you dear old goose ! ” said Edith, too full of happiness to-night to get in a temper, “ don’t excite yourself, the explanation is easy ! In just one month from to-night, I shall be Mrs. Guy Lawrence.”

“ Edith, what do you say ? ” was the exclamation from both.

“ It’s so, you dear old worthies, and you’d better prepare yourselves for having a son about the house as well as a daughter. But good-night, to-morrow I go shopping. See, father, I asked you yesterday for five hundred; how

is this?" and she took the notes from her bosom, and held them so they could see the denominations.

"Good-night, my dear parents!" said Edith, laughing at the stunned look of one and the horrified look of the other, as they saw her in possession of three thousand dollars.

"Mother, that girl has gone mad, I fear, what had best be done?"

"Why, I don't know; it seems to me she is wiser than we," said the old lady, as the vision of the money still danced before her brain.

Guy Lawrence went home with the happy heart of a child. His aim in life was secured, and now for a future of joy.

He arrived at his room intoxicated with bliss; it almost seemed that he had been wafted home, so light and airy were his feelings.

He entered, and turning up the gas, took a drink of ice water, pulled off his gloves, and laid aside his hat and cane, walked over to the table, and there lay a letter directed to "Guy Lawrence, Esq."

Why should he tremble and gaze with dilated eyes? Was it so unusual for him to receive a letter? He took it, and broke the seal.

"DEAR SIR: I wish to see you at your earliest convenience. Am positive I have a *clue to the robbery*; thought it would be best to confer with *you* first. If convenient to you, will call to-morrow evening at eight; if any other time would suit your pleasure better, please drop me a line at -- precinct. Yours,

"HARRIS DAVIES, Detective."

The letter fell from his grasp. Guy Lawrence sat with terror depicted on every feature! Was he caught at last?

CHAPTER IX.

HOPE AND FEAR.

GUY LAWRENCE was a thoroughly frightened man. He tried to read, but no, the letters ran together, and created figure upon figure.

He paced his room until he happened to think it might be noticed by the occupants beneath him, and finally disrobing, he went to bed; not, however, without indulging freely in draughts of old cognac from the bottle on his table.

It was impossible to sleep, his eyes seemed propped open, so fixed were they, and it was long into the night ere the brandy got the better of his excited nerves, and he settled into sleep; not a quiet, refreshing sleep but a fitful dreamy starting unrest.

At one time he was tussling with imaginary robbers, at another officers were putting chains upon him, and he awoke to find himself writhing to get free from them.

Morning found him nervous and unrefreshed, and his pale, haggard countenance told the story of his night's torture in the toils of a guilty conscience.

As he was dressing, he asked himself why he should thus tremble, and be so apprehensive at a mere note from a detective, and tried to argue with himself, had this Detective Davies thought of implicating him, he would not have wished to confer with him. And then the thought how fond they were of "swag" made him wonder if he knew, and was first intending to see how much he would give for silence. Hundreds of things revolved through his mind at railroad speed, until he was nauseated, pale and trembling, with the speed at which they chased each other through his brain.

After drinking freely of brandy, he started for the office,

arriving there later than usual, looking and seeming so unwell, that each in turn made inquiries regarding his health. And the Messrs. Cammon suggested that court-ing was so out of his line of business, that it had been too much for his equilibrium; and Mr. Cammon, Sr., proposed he should "go in the country for a few days, and take a rest," and as everybody seemed light-hearted and happy, and everything disagreeable had been forgotten, as the day wore on, he, rallied, and though little inclined to settle down at his desk, worried through the day, wishing and dreading for night to come.

As he returned to his room at night, and thought how soon he must face this man, not knowing his motive or knowledge, he was too wretched to meet any one and so excused himself from dinner on a plea of illness. The kind-hearted landlady sent him up some toast and tea, but it was left untasted.

He drew the detective's letter from his pocket, and re-read it, weighing each word.

"Well, Guy Lawrence, aren't you brave? after going through with what you have, to tremble at a few lines written by, whom you know not—and—pshaw, coward! time enough to tremble when danger appears," and again he appealed to the brandy bottle.

The brandy gave him strength, and as he took the even-ing paper, he said :

"Now walk right in, Mr. Detective Davies, as soon as you please; I think I can face man or devil! if he knows more about this affair than I do, I'd like to hear him talk it over," and yet from the unsteady hand that grasped the paper, and the twitching of the eyelids and corners of the mouth, one viewing them, and listening to his talk with himself, would have vowed that he was not so anxious to see the detective as his speech would imply.

Detective Davies was one of the race of men with which the world, and especially this city, is so well peopled.

A man of unbounded egotism and self esteem, one who under a certain amount of bluster and high flown words gives a certain class of people the idea that he is a terror to evil doers, one before whose approach people quail at the mere inward thought, perhaps he sees something wrong in me.

The detective was a medium sized man, with complexion, eyes, hair and mustache, all of the same hue, an indescribable yellow; and as eyes, brows, forehead, and hair could all assume an ominous frown at the same time if occasion offered, one can imagine that Davies had to the uninitiated a very serious, condemning aspect; to those who stood somewhat in the light of *confreres*, while not absolutely working with him, he was known as "the rat," and his snapping and creeping propensities but little feared.

Davies made no pretenses to belonging to the regular detective corps or secret agencies outwardly, but when swelling with importance and relating his bugbear adventures to some admiring disciple, the names of the chief of police, commissioners, chief of detectives, etc., the advice he had given them, and the orders he had refused to obey from them, for his "plans were better," were rolled forth in the very essence of volubility.

Among those who looked upon Detective Davies as a paragon, only a remove in wisdom from the great Vidocque, was Mrs. Mollie Leonard, a bright, vivacious widow, with large black eyes, coal black hair, and the complexion of a healthy brunette. As to age she might have been thirty-five, probably not more than twenty-eight, for we must contend a healthy brunette widow, deep in all the artifices of a woman's make-up, is capable of deceiving every one, even her own mother, if she is short of memory, regarding her actual *entree* into life.

Be it as it may, Mollie Leonard was a good-looking, smart little body, always bustling around, giving advice to everybody, and always a fund of talk on hand on every

conceivable subject. And get her warmed up on any subject with listeners equally enwrapped—the manner that she would roll out the polysyllables were regular eye openers to her listeners. To be sure these long words did not always fit in with exact symmetry to her subject, but then as she nor her hearers were at all aware of the error, why one word, so it was sufficiently large and long, answered the purpose as well as another.

Mrs. Leonard was a firm believer in Detective Davies. Sunday came she was a good Methodist, attended church regularly, and the minister was an oracle so far as he knew. Other days, her oracle was Mr. Davies; no one could reach to his height of knowledge, eloquence or sagacity; and Davies was much like a bottle of soda water—he must uncork or burst. He started directly for the house of the widow, knowing there he could unload without questioning.

Mrs. Leonard occupied three rooms in a quiet tenement, furnished neatly, and always in ample order. Her sewing machine showed evidence of constant use, and she belonged to that large class of females who are not obliged to work, oh, no! but must have something to occupy her mind, so she dressmaked quietly; no vulgar sign, but a private custom among her friends, and as she was really an adept at her business, and moreover very reasonable, in this city where dressmakers usually want twice the price of the fabric to put it in wearing order, she had a large carriage custom.

But were they customers? not at all! It was "my friend, Mrs. Kemp, called this morning before I had combed my hair, and I was so mortified," or "Mrs. Voorhes called for me to go driving, but I could not, for I had promised little Maggie Miller to finish her dress for the picnic; she is a poor girl, you know, and a sweet little thing, I could not disappoint her, though I would so loved to have driven through Central Park this morning," and

in this way Mrs. Leonard gave most people to understand she had sufficient income, but did dressmaking to keep her out of mischief.

Her friend Davies was among the misled ones, and if he could have so forgotten his own importance, would almost have stood in awe of the little widow ; as it was, he held her in amazement at his position and attainments.

On the afternoon which found Guy Lawrence in such perturbation, Davies made his way up East Eleventh street to the residence of Mrs. Leonard.

A tap on the door was answered by a cheerful " come," for she evidently knew the tap, Davies entered with his awfully wise look on his countenance, and each greeted the other warmly.

Mollie was quite inclined to the Quaker " thee and thou " with those she liked, and the detective was certainly among the number.

" Ah, Detective Davies, come in ; how does thee find thyself to-day."

" Oh, so, so, thank you, worked almost to death, some important cases on hand, that seem to require no end of skill and care to bring out successfully," and the whole yellow paraphernalia of the cranium of the detective shook ominously, as if to say, they can't escape me.

" Well, but, my lad, thee will gain nothing by overwork, and sure those over you know your value too well to allow you to sink under the many weighty burdens they put upon you because of your superior skill."

" My superiors ? You mistake my dear madame, I own none. There are those who, perhaps, hold higher office than I, but they oftener come to me than I go to them, and if I did not stop their bungling many times the most important cases would miscarry woefully."

" Oh, I know, my dear Davies, that all depends upon thee, but when I spoke, I meant that you were under their direction, and perhaps they required too much, not caring

to have those of less capabilities entrusted with such important matters."

"Just so—just so. It's not that alone, but I tell you, Mollie, I have the entire detective force on my hands; it's 'Davies here,' 'Davies there' and 'where is Davies?' until I sometimes am led to wonder what this city would do if Davies should sometime kick in the traces, and leave the city to their crude ideas of detective duties."

"Oh, my good man, thee would never do that. It's bad enough now, what would it be if left to those numbskulls?"

The detective shook his head, and rolled his eyes significantly, as much as to say: "What, indeed."

"Will thee have a sup of beer, my friend, you look so weary?"

"Well, I don't mind. Can we get any of the little urchins about the house to go for it? I really cannot think of your coming in contact with those people in a beer shop; and as for me—"

"You! do you think, Detectiv Davies, I would allow you to demean yourself to bring beer? No, indeed!" and she started out with her pitcher.

"Here, Mollie dear, let me pay for it; I must insist." At first she refused, but after a little bantering she consented and took the money. In fact, neither were so well stocked with the filthy lucre but they would have been glad to let the other pay for the beer.

Mollie brought out some English cheese and bread, for she still stuck to the old English home custom of serving beer, bread and cheese to all real friends.

The beer was brought. Mollie and Davies drew up to the table for their impromptu feast, and as they quaffed their beer, each got enthusiastic, and the detective communicative.

"Thee said when here last that thee was about looking into an important case; what success, good man?"

"Ah, what success? why I have everything dead to rights. I have made my first appointment with one of the principals for to-night; success is assured. I have only to let my hand fall and the greatest robbery of the times is exposed. I never move until everything is secure, and then failure cannot come."

"Will it be in the papers, Mr. Davies? and will they give thee the glory thee deserves."

"The papers! Mollie, my dear, I have the newspapers under control; they know better than to mention my name; that's where so many public men are deceived, by allowing the newspapers to say so much about them. Sometimes, when some minor affair comes up, why, just to gratify them, I consent, otherwise my order is imperative, not a word—not a word! or incur my displeasure."

"Now doesn't that show thee to be awfully wise? for I know most people grow fat on seeing their name in print."

"All bosh, perfect bosh! Let me fill your glass, child; this is the real cheese, isn't it? Well, as I was saying, newspapers are frauds, and are just as likely to mix things up, and give all the praise to some namby pamby that knows nothing, as to me, that plans it all. No, Mollie, give me a name for the future, a name that will for all time shine in the highest pinnacle of lasting fame, Davies, the prince of detectives!" and the detective, elated with beer and the thought of that pinnacle, arose from his chair, full of sublimity.

"I tell you, Mollie, it's coming. The one case I have in hand now is enough to fasten everlasting fame on its exponent. I am sure that it remains for me to unravel one of the deepest, darkest and most skilfully carried out robberies, which almost included murder, of this century. Don't think me vain. Don't say egotism, for I tell you, my girl, it's truth," and the detective sank into his chair for more beer.

"No, indeed, detective, I could not think thee vain. Hast thee not told me of thy many noble deeds and do I not know that to-day thee might stand at the head of the profession in this city if so inclined? Vain! why, I often say to others if Detective Davies had the cheek of some, he would be ahead of Pinkerton and all the rest. Indeed I do, for I think it's the hardest lot of life, merit unrewarded."

"Here's my reward, sweet girl," and the detective struck where his conscience and heart were supposed to be located.

"Here's the assurance that Davies prizes most; the reward will and must come; a man cannot do what I am doing without it, and if in no other shape the consciousness that men tremble at my knowledge, and shrink at my cunning, is sufficient."

Beer and a transfixed listener were doing their work, the froth was fast escaping, the detective felt better, there were at least two persons in the world that knew Detective Davies to be the king of his calling, and the sphinx before whom the guilty trembled.

"Well, Mollie, my dear," and the detective got endearing, as he drew his chair nearer the widow, and toyed with her ear, patted her cheek, and quite on the cat system, stroked her down. "I must be getting on—important business to-night. Let me see, eight, and it's now five, three hours, and I must snatch a wink of sleep between. I was up nearly all night last night trying to unearth some rogues in the Bowery, and I feel the need of rest."

"Did you succeed, detective, and have them all arrested?" was the widow's query, quite loth to have the detective leave.

"Succeed—I succeeded in getting them nabbed, and then was obliged to go across town on an important matter, and as usual, unless I do everything myself, the men I left in charge let them slip through their fingers."

"Oh, that was too bad, but thee cannot be everywhere at once."

"No, but if this affair I'm on now is successfully carried out, and it will be unless some of my stupid aides make a balk, I see before me splendid achievements. I shall make thousands of dollars, and then, Mollie, love, I can rest. Would the little girl be willing to share such good fortune when it comes, even though it may be years? would you be willing to go to some far off isle, and there we two live apart from this great world of which I am so weary, and feel and realize the bliss of which Moore has sung?"

Mollie dropped her head on his shoulder, too full for utterance, and he, thinking how little he knew of her bank account, and how far he was from embarking for that little isle, kissed her forehead, patted her cheek, and said :

"Well, little one, siren, I must go; duty calls, and I've kept you all this time from your work," and he looked at her keenly for in truth with all his detective abilities, Davies had as yet been unable to ascertain whether the widow possessed means for two, or, if he married her, his uncertain and precarious income must support both. Had he full knowledge that she had an ample bank account, the widow was fair, and with such knowledge, he would be nothing loth to make her Mrs. Davies.

She in turn thought the detective must have heaps of money from his many successful adventures, and often pictured to herself how nice it would be to have so brave and daring a detective for a husband, who had only to frown and money poured in upon him.

"My work, Mr. Davies. Oh, that's but play; what is not done to-day can be to-morrow. If I didn't work, I might be tempted to promenade the streets and go gossiping about. One's time must be employed, you know."

"Well, whatever you do, don't do that. We detectives

see enough of women who have no better object in life than to flaunt about the streets. You must be happy, with nothing but your own inclinations to serve. But I must away. I have a stern duty before me to-might, and it will probably be followed by many days of close work. I may be called from the city, so I cannot say when I shall see you again. Think of me sometimes, will you?"

"Will I? Too often, perhaps. Take care of thyself, for I fear thou art too brave for thine own safety."

"A brave man in my calling never thinks of himself. Good-bye; be good to yourself," and pressing her hand, at the same time the yellow appendage of hair and eyes drawing on its fiercest detective elevation, he strode from the place.

CHAPTER X.

HE CAME AT LAST.

"SHURE, an Misther Lawrence, there is a man in the parlor that wud be afther seeing yez," was the greeting Guy Lawrence received from Ireland's daughter, as he bade her come in, in response to her rap on his door.

"Well, what does he want, Nora?"

"I dunno. I asked him for his card, as any gentleman wud be after giving without the axing, and he sez as how yez was aspecting him, so I came to tell yez."

"Oh, yes. Well, Nora, show him up; it's an awful bore," said Guy yawning.

"Yez right; he looks like a bore, anyhow, with his yeller eyes and hair," and Nora felt better that she had expressed herself about the man who frowned upon her so awfully when she opened the door.

As she went down the stairs, Guy glanced in the glass,

"Pshaw! I look like a ghost; ha, that anyone should have the power to move me thus!" And seizing the brandy, he turned out and quaffed instantly a liberal "pony," and tossed a "joker" in his mouth, as a tap sounded on the door, and reverberated through his system at the same time.

"Come in," was the answer.

The door opened, and the man with peculiar yellow eyes, and brows to match, and a shock of yellow hair that no earthly hand could tame into submission, and which seemed so loose on his head that any movement of his eyes or forehead seemed to raise the whole front of his scalp instantly, entered.

He gave a keen look at Guy and the surroundings, as he stood within the door, as if feeling the way before intruding further.

"Good-evening, sir," said Guy, the first to speak.

"Ah! this is Mr. Guy Lawrence?" asked the detective, still wondering how he was to be received.

"I have the honor of answering to that title, sir, at your service."

"You are Mr. Guy Lawrence, the confidential clerk of Cammon & Son, in Wall Street?" he continued, without moving, except that his scalp gave a slight rebound, which made Guy open his eyes, for it seemed ready to take leave.

"I hold that position. Can I do anything for you?"

"Ah! thank you; I am cautious—we detectives that know our business always are—, never give myself away, always make sure of my man, and before talking, too. Caution is the word, if one means business." Guy remembered a very like expression on a memorable night not far off, and his confusion was apparent, as he asked the detective to be seated.

Davies placed his hat upon the table; he bent a look upon Guy, who had his eye upon him, moving eyes, fore-

head and hair at the same time, in a manner that seemed to say: "Now, look out for me."

"A fine evening, Mr. Lawrence."

"It is lovely," said Guy, detecting a tremor in his voice that made him thoroughly angry with himself.

"Yes, ah, lovely. You received my note, Mr. Lawrence?"

"I did, sir. Let me ask, are you attached to headquarters?"

"What, sir? I cannot answer; we detectives never explain why's or wherefore's, nor the extent of our resources," was Davies' reply, in his most pompous manner.

"Indeed! where is the impropriety in this case, pray tell me? At any rate, if you cannot give me your status, I must decline any conversation with you."

The detective frowned with full force on Guy, saying:

"Young man, have you given this business a thought? Is it possible you treat it lightly?"

"This business? Pray explain yourself?" said Guy, determined not to betray himself in any way.

"Why, the mysterious robbery of your house," said he.

"Well, I hardly think it were possible for any one connected with the house not to give it a thought," replied Lawrence.

"That is as I suppose; indeed, any detective would look for the same reply."

"And supposlng I have, what then?"

"Why, then, the business before me is made far easier."

"Yes, but not so fast, man, please bear in mind you have not shown me your authority for acting yet."

"Well, sir, I am Davies, the Detective."

"Yes, your note informed me of the same thing, still that note or your word does not carry all proof; so you might have written me you were King of Sweden, it would

by no means make it so. I have no proof who you are, beyond your own statement."

"Ah, Mr. Lawrence, very smart—shrewd, I suppose it might be called. I must, however, tell you I scorn credentials, I bind myself to no agency, no regulations, and yet I have unearthed most mysterious crimes, and brought to justice criminals who had eluded the grasp of our best detectives. I determined to unearth and bring to light this great robbery and would-be murder of yourself, and I have done it!" raising his hair and eyes and striking his fist on the table at the same time.

"Indeed? you interest me; what have you found out about it?"

"Aha! Am I a professional and disclose my secrets? No—no! I work alone, and scarcely let my right eye know what my left seeth."

"Have you seen either of the firm?"

"I have consulted none; you are the first one I have approached on the subject."

"And you think you will succeed?"

"Indeed, I may as well say I am sure of it, it's nothing to what I have done."

"And what clues have you, may I ask?"

"It would be unprofessional for me to tell."

"Indeed, you seem quite a stickler at professional scruples. But pray tell me in what manner do you intend, using me in this business, and why favor me with your first disclosures?"

"I propose getting a few points from you."

"But suppose I refuse to recognize you or your authority in this business, without your credentials?"

"It will only go to strengthen a theory that I have formed."

"And that?"

"It would be unprofessional to disclose."

"Well, then, we will make this business very short; so

long as you harp so much upon ‘professional’ nonsense and secrecy, why, it’s useless for you to waste your time here; if you have really learned anything that will solve this mystery, and will impart it, why, my word is as good as yours. I’ll keep it a secret and help you all in my power; but if you still persist in your blind rigmarole, why, good-night, at once.” And Guy arose and went to the window, looking out upon the night, feeling thoroughly bored.

Davies was taken aback; his loose scalp and yellow eyes worked nervously, and he looked at Guy wonderingly.

“ Well, of course I am willing to do what is right, but you know we professionals guard our secrets with jealous care.”

“ Yes, from one another, which is all very right in its place; with me it is different. You came here for assistance, you will find none more willing to give it than I, if the conditions are complied with.”

“ Well, it’s stepping aside from professional courtesy, but——”

“ Profession! let’s have no more of that, but go on with ordinary business; now proceed.”

“ Well——”

“ Here, have some brandy first,” said Guy, seeing him look longingly toward the bottle.

“ I don’t care if I do; this constant professional duty is very wearing, and I am really weary to-night.”

Guy looked at him and wondered how much such constant duty he struck.

“ Only a little, Mr. Lawrence, a detective must keep a cool brain,” said Davies, and as the yellow hair elevated with the speech, Guy wondered if there was not pretty good circulation under there already.

Guy poured them both a liberal portion, and it was drank by the detective, at least, with alacrity and a satisfied smack, as he replaced the glass upon the table.

"Now, then, I know all that the papers have said about this affair. I have been watching all the heavy weights in the thieving fraternity ever since, and I am decided in my own mind who did the job. I come to you for two reasons—one, there are some people who think *you* know more about the affair than you tell."

"Sir!" said Lawrence, springing up and catching hold of his chair, as if to fell even the insinuation quickly to the earth.

"Be calm, dear sir. Of course I have my own theory, and in establishing that theory, I of course, vindicate you."

Guy seated himself, breathing freer.

"Now, sir, can you give me anything like a personal description of these men? You say there were two, I believe."

"Well, yes, there were two, and I wish I could remember more of them, but you, perhaps, can imagine how stunned I was at so sudden an attack."

"I see—I see; but their height, their build?"

"One of them was, it seemed to me, over six feet, slender, straight, and lithe; the other was more powerful, short, and thick."

"As I thought. I know my men," said Davies, and he reached for the brandy, uninvited.

"Help yourself, that's right," said Guy, "and you are sure of their identity?"

"Detectives never boast; we never talk unless sure of what we say. *I know my men!*"

"I am more than glad to hear you say it," said Guy, as a peculiar smile flitted across his features.

"I know you must be; but keep this secret, and let me work. I'll show them at headquarters what a silent man with brains can do," and the scalp moved, as if the brains were wishing for more mysteries to solve. "I will go now, be guarded; leave it to me, I know my men," and picking up his hat, he left the room.

"Confound him!" said Guy, "the idiot; he frightened me sure enough. Where the dickens did he spring from? He looks like an 'af and 'af,' a nondescript! Wonder if that scalp of his has ever been lifted? it seems mighty loose. Ugh! I never want another such a fright; and not a clue, even, ha—ha! He got one from me!" And Guy, in high spirits at the turn his gloomy thoughts had taken, soon tumbled into bed and fell asleep, in response to the rebound of his feelings from the previous night and day.

The next day Guy related his experience with the detective at the office, and it was received with much merriment by them all, and passed off as a good joke; in fact, the best of the many that had originated out of the great robbery.

The next evening the elder Mr. Cammon was seated in his library enjoying his evening paper and a choice cigar, when the servant announced a stranger on important business. He was ushered in, Mr. Cammon looked at him sharply through his glasses, and said:

"Good-evening. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

"My name is Davies. I am known as Davies the detective," and to impress the old merchant, the whole upper portion of his head seemed to raise up and say:

"It's so, and no mistake."

Guy had mentioned this peculiarity of the man, and Mr. Cammon could hardly refrain from laughing.

"So—so, a detective, eh? what, pray, can I do for you, sir?"

Davies looked at him as if he must be out of his mind.

He taking all this trouble to restore property to a man who had evidently forgotten that he had lost it.

"Surely this is Mr. Cammon?"

"It is, sir."

"Senior of the firm of Cammon & Son?"

"Correct."

"You were robbed not long since?"

"Correct, again."

"You have no clue either to money or robbers?"

"None whatever."

"You would like to find them and have your money restored?"

"Yes; why, were you one of the robbers, and wish now to turn state's evidence, or what?"

"Me, Mr. Cammon! me, Davies the detective? Zounds! this is infamous; did I understand you to ask me such a question?" and the yellow face almost turned copperas color, while the eyebrows and hair fairly danced a cancan.

"Don't get excited, my friend, all this is useless waste of time. If you have the robbers, deliver them over to justice and the plunder to its rightful owners, and secure your reward; ten thousand dollars was offered, and will be paid. Are you ready for the money?"

"You are too hasty, sir; detectives, especially a professional, always feels his way. Caution is the word."

"Perhaps you will think me hasty if I tell you I have arrived at another conclusion?" said Mr. Cammon, whose love of chaffing had induced him to prolong the conversation.

"Certainly not. Professionals take pride in listening to observations from the uninitiated," said Davies, grandly.

"Well, I think you are an idiot, and there must be an asylum yawning somewhere. Now, if you are done with your professional humbuggery, you had better go and hunt up some other celebrated case to exercise your skill upon."

Davies was speechless; taking up his hat, he reached the door; turning, he said:

"I know my men. I shall pounce upon them, restore

your money, and turn from you as disdainfully as you turn from me now——”

“ All right; the moment you do it, you will be worth ten thousand dollars more than you are now. Until then, I beg you to keep your distance from me.”

And Davies, the detective, was waved from the room and house.

The next morning Mr. Cammon had an experience to relate with the detective, and the whole thing was laughed off as an episode arising out of the circumstances, as they will from every event which stirs and awakens a nation or society.

CHAPTER XI.

WEDDING CHIMES.

TIME quickly flies, especially to happy ones—and the day arrived upon which Guy Lawrence and Edith Harvey were to be married.

The firm, who looked upon Guy as their own son, had granted him a month's leave, and the night before the old gentleman called him into his office, and for himself and son presented Guy with five hundred dollars. He refused to take it.

“ No — no, Mr. Cammon, you have lost too much through me. I have about fifteen hundred in the bank, I shall draw from that.”

“ Tush ! fiddle, boy, take it; we made that, and more, too, yesterday; go and enjoy yourself, you'll make it up in getting back the happiest, luckiest fellow going. Why, I don't doubt you're the envy of half the men in your set; a handsome, stylish, rich, loving wife is not always swooped in at once in this city.”

“ I do not wish to appear close, of course, but Edith

knows I am a poor man; to be sure we are to be married in Grace Church her father would have it so. I should have preferred a quiet wedding at home."

"Go in, old boy, keep up your end. Edith has got the money to keep up appearances hereafter, but don't let your end lay low. Go and be happy, Guy, we will be there and join in the spirit of the wedding chimes," and the old and young gentlemen both shook him cordially by the hand.

Guy took the money and the "God speed" from the men he had robbed with perfect grace; he was a good actor, and they left him, thinking him both grateful and deserving.

The Grace chimes pealed forth a wedding carol, elegantly dressed men and women stepped from handsome equipages under the canopy on the carpeted walk, and Brown, the inimitable, stood with the same smile and bow that has ushered at least three generations to marriage festivals.

Every thing was gorgeous; Edith was dressed magnificently, and Guy Lawrence looked the happy man and conqueror.

"What a lucky man, without a dollar, to marry an heiress who worships him."

"At least one marriage for love," growled an old bachelor, as he saw the devoted couple emerge from the church, and entering their carriage, followed by others, they returned to Murray Hill for a reception.

Everything was carried out in great magnificence at the reception, for was not Edith an only child and heiress?

After the reception was over Edith was quickly arrayed in a lovely traveling costume, and the happy pair left for a trip up the lakes and through Canada, taking with them their secret and love, leaving behind them talk for a nine days' wonder, made up of envy, gossip, and congratulations for a long and happy future.

Four weeks and a few days were consumed in the bridal tour, four weeks of perfect bliss to both; and when they returned, so happy were they, that it seemed an Eden had again began on earth. Little thought either of them the serpent would ever enter.

They returned, of course, to the Harvey mansion, which was henceforth to be their home.

Edith immediately set about discarding old and dilapidated pieces of furniture, replacing them with the most elegant and voluptuous chairs and sofas. Lovely articles of *vertu* were scattered here and there, and Edith shone amid all this splendor the bright, and particular star.

She did nothing that would seemingly involve her husband in a show of wealth. Certainly, Mr. Harvey, the wealthy owner of a Murray Hill residence, could afford his only child every indulgence, and now that she had taken formal possession, and her father and mother were, in a measure, her guests, of course it was fit that she should discard many of their old fashioned notions, furniture and regulations under the new formula heralded in with bridal forms.

Therefore, Guy Lawrence, whether assisting his lovely wife in dispensing hospitality in their own home, or whether escorting her through the *salons* of some one of their wealthy associates, was looked upon as the special favorite of good fortune, while none wondered at Edith's choice of so handsome and devoted a husband.

Time wore on; Edith, with the opportunity at last of gratifying an insane desire to be a leader of fashion, to be noted, criticised and pronounced the most elegantly dressed woman of her set, gave full rein to her desire, and the coffers were often visited.

With this desire gratified, and the knowledge that she was queen of her home without opposition, came other wishes and aims.

She gave elegant receptions, frequented by the *elite* of

the city, and Mrs. Guy Lawrence was known as a most elegant entertainer.

As the weeks rolled into months and every ambition thoroughly gratified, the fear of a possible detection no longer haunting them, they became satiated with the extent of their happiness.

Edith, as a year rolled by, and no other or better aim came to fill her heart, devoted herself entirely to fashion and its votaries, and soon it was whispered Mrs. Lawrence was quite the flirt, and it was not an uncommon thing to see her in public attended by some one of those elegant statuaries which infest every society, whose attire is faultless, and who, though living exactly how no one knows but ever seem surfeited with time, are always ready to become escorts for the weak wives of business men.

Guy Lawrence, like many another man of whom we wot, soon found possession a most comfortable commodity. He knew Edith was his wife, his home was hers, why then always hurry to it? and he lingered at the club, and sometimes found it more convenient to dine at Delmonico's, than to get up town in time for a family dinner.

And then again, he often nowadays found Edith out; it was getting to be an old story for her, and sometimes when she came home, some one of her elegant gentlemen friends accompanied her, and they were of that cut that Guy found it really distasteful for him to play the agreeable to them.

Thus far, there had been no actual war of words, only a growing indifference on the part of both.

As the second year rolled around, this indifference, this seeking pleasure abroad, increased, and as Edith was supposed to be the heiress, the owner of all the wealth, it came to be that she felt her importance over Guy, and impressed others with the fact that she had lifted him to her realm.

With one of Guy Lawrence's spirit, and possessing the actual facts as he did, it's little wonder that it was very

distasteful to him, or that sharp recriminations passed between them.

When once a couple, so closely allied as in matrimony, find it convenient, and fill in the time, at first devoted to little confidences, to a sparring of words, and flint and steel communion, it need scarcely be added, more congenial places are soon found for their idle time.

Guy found at the club congenial society, and other women with bright eyes and fair forms, who lavished upon him smiles and endearments, such as two years before he looked for in but one, but now, alas ! they were but a memory.

Edith, too proud to retract, too selfish to show any feeling or annoyance, plunged deeper into the whirlpool of fashion and pleasure, and was known as the leader of gayety; none could offer one word against her fair name, but the slurs and inuendoes that will follow a woman who will be gay at any cost were not lost upon her, and with some of her more devoted and attentive admirers she was known as "the Lawrence."

As she dove deeper into the maelstrom known as society, Guy left her more to herself; he became a thorough club man, and lavished his money freely there; with new members he was thought to be a bachelor, so thoroughly had he become a "club man" of the day, and days and nights passed without his appearing at the Murray Hill mansion.

Two years had come and gone, love had died out, and outside the money interest that bound them each sought and found their pleasures and happiness outside the shrine they had so readily clasped hands over, only a little time before.

Such breaches widen, and in but a little time neither noted the other's absence, and had they been asked could have hardly told whether they had met the day before, or

a week had elapsed since each had found the other within the temple once dedicated to their love.

The world noted but little; so many hundreds live in the same way in New York society, that it attracts but little comment.

But who shall say there were not bitter moments for both? when each felt the chain that bound them, and felt death to the other would be such a relief.

Edith grew beautiful in her womanhood; the many little artifices known to society women to enhance their natural charms were not lost upon her, and where she had once seemed elegant, she was now pronounced divine, and there was no lack of flatterers among the moths who fluttered about her to pronounce Mrs. Lawrence, the woman who held the purse strings magnificent, superb, queenly.

Among the social notables who fluttered around and worshipped at the shrine of her beauty, was a gentleman from the Pacific coast, who was reported to be immensely wealthy, and a heavy dealer in mining stocks.

T'was said his visit in New York was purely social, and he had for the time given business the go by.

How he made his *entree* into the charmed circle of Murray Hill society, who had vouched for his right by wealth and position to become one of the petted few, no one seemed able to determine; but he held his own with those whom he deigned to be at all intimate, so that any minute inquiry was hushed with the answer:

“ Oh, he's all right! good, clever fellow; where's the use of picking a fellow to pieces because he's not born under your nose,” and in this way Eugene Meyers was quietly settled as one of the set.

He was a man about thirty-five years of age, nothing very remarkable either in looks or appearance to distinguish him from the hundreds of men who go to make up society and who are reputed wealthy.

From the first he had singled Mrs. Lawrence out as a special target for his admiration, always respectful, never presuming, he had withal shown his admiration of her in delicate compliments and subtle flattery, together with a half condolence, that so beautiful a woman could be neglected by her husband.

All this had its effect upon Edith, who already had learned to live upon flattery, and to lull the anguish that sometimes gnawed at her heart, as she thought of what might have been.

Eugene Meyers was evidently of German descent, but he prided himself on his career and success in the land of gold, and said that for several years he had lived in, and identified himself with the interests of Honolulu, and that the Sandwich Islands was to be his future home.

Edith listened with growing interest to this description of his beautiful home in that fertile land, of the many improvements he had made, all with the one thought of the beautiful woman who should one day grace it, and make it all it now lacked—home.

"And surely, Mr. Meyers, you will find no trouble in finding such a one in this city of beautiful ladies, you have no need to look many weeks," was Edith's answer, at an evening sociable, where he had again been pouring out his soul's needs.

"Ah; beauties there are many, my dear Mrs. Lawrence, and many times, even with my knowledge of the world, have I been attracted by a sylph-like form, a lovely face, and thought, here at last my search is over, but further acquaintance has proven them soulless beings, and but a fair and painted exterior, and I had almost turned in disgust, feeling that home and wife were not for me. Latterly another image has taken possession of my heart," and with tender, winning tones he described the woman who now filled and charmed his thoughts and heart.

Edith was not slow to recognize the original of the

picture, and a pleasing thrill swept through her frame at the thought.

Meyers saw his vantage, and sighing deeply said:

"Alas! after years of search she is found, but bound to another."

"And another man calls your ideal, wife?" she asked, half sadly.

"Such is my fate; the only woman whom I would crave as wife, is not free to ask or hold," he answered, in most pathetic tones.

"But is she bound to one she loves? Does he who calls her 'wife,' fill the measure of her love? is he her ideal?"

"Ah, I dare not think or answer as I might hope."

"Should she, too, prove unhappy in her choice, what then?"

"What then? If I but dared to hope that she, my queen, reciprocated my love, my wishes, I would fly with her to my far away home, and there begin a cloudless life of joy and love; but ah, such bliss, I fear, is not for me."

"But if she loved you, and would consent to go where you went?"

Meyers looked the beautiful siren in the face; was she but luring him on for self gratification, or was his love reciprocated? The glowing light in her eyes gave him new hope, and he answered:

"I dare not look for so much happiness, it is not possible it is for me."

"You know the adage 'faint heart'; you do not know what height you may reach without effort," and Edith looked the actress.

"Oh, lady fair, my heart is not faint; may I hope to climb, to force the citadel? You are my ideal, say, will you—will you be mine? will you fly with me? Oh, do not raise this hope but to crush it! Fly with me, and in our island home forget those who do not, cannot appreciate you," and in the vehemence of his passion he would have

clasped her to his heart then and there, had not Edith, with the cool self-possession and regard for appearances that ever marked her career, felt that they might be noticed.

"Hush! Mr. Meyers, Eugene," she whispered, "we attract attention."

"May I hope? Say one word that will quiet this tumult of unrest."

"I will see you again soon."

"And I may feel that I have not sued in vain?" he asked, anxiously.

She dropped her hand into his as she arose, and gave it a return pressure; and as she passed to the conservatory, gave him a look of love that spoke volumes.

"I've won the day!" he said to himself, exultantly, as he turned away.

CHAPTER XII.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

NEITHER loth, it was not many days ere Eugene Meyers and Edith Lawrence met again.

If, in the meantime, Edith had let any feelings of wifely duty or honor intrude, they were quickly dispelled at a sight which met her gaze at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

She joined a party of friends to see a favorite play at this theatre; Guy she had not encountered for three days.

Her party had not been seated five minutes, when looking over, she saw her husband enter the box opposite with a beautiful girl, a well-known contralto in an up-town church. She knew her only from seeing her in church.

The others of her party noticed them, and turned to Edith expecting to see her betray emotion of anger and

surprise; but her coolness did not forsake her, and speaking quietly, said:

“Is not Miss Granger lovely?” as if her being with her husband was the most natural thing in the world, but from that moment, her resolution was formed and never shaken.

At the next meeting she promised Meyers to go with him, and in less than a week everything was in readiness.

She placed a sufficient sum of money at her father’s disposal to place them above any want, and following the direction of Meyers, in whom she had implicit faith, she gave him two hundred thousand dollars to be converted into gold certificates for future use in the Pacific slope.

Edith made all these preparations with the same cool, unwavering manner that had characterized her through life.

Revenge was sweet; she knew that Guy Lawrence was wasting his time, money, and affections on others, and she determined to stab him in his tenderest point—his honor. Telling her parents that she was going to California, and perhaps to Australia, to see what absence would do toward bringing about a better state of feeling, she left them, really exhibiting more emotion than ever before in her life; but not a tremor or thought of remorse, not a sigh over what she was leaving behind passed over her, and one to have seen her drive from her door, would have thought she was going out for the day. She left Guy without a dollar of the money he had risked life to obtain that she might become his wife, and coolly, she at the last moment penciled this note:

“Guy: When this meets your eyes I shall be far away. It is hardly possible we shall ever meet again. Your neglect and indifference is eating my life away; there are others covet what you scorn, and I hope yet to be happy. With expanded views I shall commence life again; you are privileged to do the same.

“EDITH.”

The tickets had been procured. Edith drove to the depot, and went immediately to the compartment secured for them. In a few minutes she was joined by Meyers, who wore a most triumphant look.

There was but little delay; the iron horse snorted out his note of warning, and slowly they passed from the depot and steamed their way from New York.

Street after street passed, beautiful mansions dotted the way, and Edith gazed after each retreating shadow with commingled emotions.

It might be years, it might be forever, ere she saw her native city again, and one who loves New York, even as the Italians love their warm, sunny mother land, can imagine the varied thoughts that surged through her frame. But she gave no sigh of regret—the future was before her.

Soon the outer boundaries were reached, the streets became irregular, and the increased speed of the engine, the click of the car wheels and the fleeting objects on the roadside, showed that they were at last under way, as the engineer and fireman term it, for they think it but a snail's pace getting out of the city limits."

In a few moments the beautiful Hudson was reached, and Edith seemed to get composed and settled to the journey.

Meyers was, of course, all attention, had provided himself with a liberal collation, and choice confectionary and fruits helped to wear away the time, and in due time lesser towns having been speedily passed, Poughkeepsie was reached. Edith refused to go out, and Meyers brought her a cup of coffee—onward they speed, and the good old sleepy capital was soon before them.

Here Meyers insisted that Edith should partake of dinner, but she was firm in her refusal to leave the compartment, and remained there, while he went out, and selecting such dainties as he thought she might fancy, returned

to her with them just as the train was moving out of the depot.

Edith was quietly brilliant; a pleasing conversation was kept up, Meyers reminding her after that he should not dare to close his eyes for fear it would prove but a dream at awaking; that such happiness could be his seemed hardly possible.

Then he pictured to her the beauties of California, its lovely climate, its paradise of fruits and flowers, and promised her that they would stay there until satisfied with its beauties, and then set sail for their own home in Honolulu.

“There, my dear Edith, secure in our own home, free from fear of intrusion, and surrounded by luxuries known only to that island, with dusky attendants to do our slightest bidding, we will create a paradise never seen or known since Eden’s days. Oh, darling! to think that I am thus blessed—that you, whom I worship, favored my suit.”

“And what would you have done had I proved adverse, turned a cold ear to your entreaties?”

“Done? I should have left New York at once and forever. No other image could have filled my heart, after knowing and loving you; I should have concluded that love, wife, happiness, was not for me, and resolved to seclude myself in my island home, seeking such recreation as comes to a lonely man of wealth.”

“Have you no kindred, Eugene? No one to love you, to cheer you in your dark hours, no one belonging to you in Honolulu?”

“Not only no one there, dearest, but no one in the world, that I am aware of. Our family were an old French family, and my father told me, when a boy, ‘I was the last noble descendant of our race.’ I have valuable heirlooms, old plate, rare china, jewels and costly gems, which have descended through our house for generations

'Tis said the women of our race were beautiful! All these will be yours now, Edith, and never have they graced fairer face or form," and he kissed her rapturously.

"Oh, my love, we will—we must be happy. Are you sure, dearest, no lingering thought of home, no spark of love for him you have called husband, will make you regret taking this step?"

"Pray do not think me a child. I weighed well the step ere taking it; prove to me the kind and affectionate lover always that you have thus far, and you will find me no puling girl, sighing after what might have been."

"You do not doubt me, darling, you do not think I could ever love you less than now?"

"I shall not doubt you; I have put my all in your hands, is not that trust sufficient? Should you fail me, should your love grow cold with passion I ——but I will not suppose the case, 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,' if that day comes." Edith spoke not another word, but her countenance spoke volumes, as if the man but little knew the nature he had to deal with.

And they were speeding on—on, the western part of State was reached, the day was waning, Syracuse, Palmyra, Newark, all were passed, Rochester, the Flour City, bounded in view. Edith seemed to have lost her timidity; perhaps she thought that distance from the city there was no danger of chancing upon acquaintances; at any rate, she consented to leave the car and partake of refreshments. They entered the Bracket House, in the rear, and were soon seated in the luxurious dining hall, where everything tempting was placed before them.

"All aboard!" the death signal to many appetites, sounded in their ears, happily just as they were arising from the table, entering the car again, they were soon speeding on—on, through the Genesee Valley, the garden of the Empire State. And as the sun set, the Lake City, was seen in the far distance.

To those who have traversed this long stretch of country, the whole length of the New York central in a lightning express, but little need be said. All know that Buffalo is the watchword; here travel diverges; some taking other cars on to the far west, others go to Niagara, others prefer lake travel, and many follow the Canada line from this point.

Meyers and Edith were ticketed through without change, and as they reached Buffalo the porter entered to change the luxurious saloons into sleeping apartments; soft, velvet cushioned ottomans were speedily transformed into beds, and in but little time the whole scene was changed for repose.

As the porter neared their compartment, Meyers, kissing Edith's hand, said:

"I will go forward, dearest, to the smoking-car while this is being arranged; don't sit up, you must be very much fatigued, and you must not give out on our first day's journeying; promise me you will get to bed as soon as possible."

"I will, my dear, for I must own the last few days of excitement and preparation has quite unnerved me, but I hope to rest well to-night, and be as bright as ever to-morrow."

"Certainly you will, and I trust every day after this may be brighter and sweeter, that no cloud may ever arise to cause you to regret this day."

"Do not speak of 'regrets,' Eugene, I regret nothing, not even the past two years of my life, it has been so much of life unveiled," said Edith, sighing.

"Well, here's our man; take a seat here, love; now promise me you will get quiet as soon as possible," said Eugene, pressing her hand in a devoted manner.

"It's hardly necessary to promise. Inclination will take me there speedily."

Eugene Meyers bowed, and left the car.

Edith was soon ready for rest. The cars were again in motion, Buffalo was left behind, and soon the swaying of the cars had lulled her to sleep. She awoke several times, partially, as the cars halted at some station, but really not enough to consult her watch, or to wonder as to where they were. Indeed, she seemed benumbed, incapable of thought, or care as to where she was, or why she was alone. The sunlight streamed in at her window, the cars were at a stand still, and she heard Cleveland being called on every side.

Cleveland? she roused, looked about her, and found that she had passed the night alone. Speedily arranging her toilet, she went into the dressing room to perform her necessary ablutions; all this time her mind was filled with wonder, and a shrinking fear of something to come.

Returning to her compartment she found the porter already on duty, and her sleeping apartment had assumed its former appearance of a cozy saloon.

"Did you see my husband again last night?" she asked the porter.

"'Scuse me, madame, was he to come back hea' las' night?"

"Certainly. Why? perhaps—" and Edith hesitated; she was making her affairs known to a common porter.

"Send the conductor to me at once."

"Certainly, ma'am," cried the polite colored man, and as he turned away, he shook his head, saying:

"Suffin wrong there, and I know'd it las' night, when I seed that man step off the car—however, it's no business of mine, all I'se got to do is to 'bey orders and fetch the boss."

"Mr. Conductor, dar is a lady in compartment D, as ses she wants you to come dar quick, on 'ticular business."

"Oh, these women are always wanting something," growled the conductor, as he stepped up to enter the car,

" Well, madame, what can I do for you ? " said the conductor, his voice changing to the agreeable when he found it was a young and fashionably dressed lady wished his services.

" My husband, you certainly remember him, conductor ? You took the coupons from his tickets last evening. He has not been here all night. I've not seen him since we left Buffalo, when he went into the smoking car to enjoy a cigar."

" I remember him, madame, but is it not strange ? I certainly have not seen him since. Ah, I remember his handing me your ticket at Buffalo, telling me you were quite ill, and not to disturb you until morning. I had my mind, though, on another lady as being the one."

" What can it mean ? Will you please make inquiries, sir ? " said Edith, a slight suspicion of the truth passing through her mind.

" Certainly, I will return to you soon."

The conductor left the car, questioning the porter and brakeman on the car, and came to the conclusion the husband had taken French leave ; for some cause madame was left behind.

" Madame, as near as I can learn, your husband left the car at Buffalo immediately he left you, and he inquired of the brakeman which train on the track would take him to New York, and he immediately entered it. The porter also says he jumped from the platform on the opposite side, as he left you."

This was all said in as quiet and business-like a tone as possible, for the conductor was evidently wondering how any man could leave so beautiful a woman, and evidently a lady.

Edith pressed her hands together for an instant, until the nails pierced the flesh ; a spasm of pain contracted her face, and then she was the calm self-reliant woman.

" Can you tell me how soon I can take an eastern train,

conductor? and may I ask you," turning to the porter and handing him her checks for her baggage, and the money, "to purchase me a ticket to New York, and get my baggage rechecked?"

All this was said in the most ordinary tones.

" You can take your seat at once, madame, in the car, the next train leaves in one half hour. Surely you will step out and have a cup of coffee?"

" I will, thank you, if you will direct me to the nearest dining-room."

" I was just going to breakfast myself, and shall be very glad to escort you."

" Thanks," and Edith, under his protection, entered the dining-room.

She ate a good breakfast, all as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

The conductor noticed the kindling fire in her eye, and vowed inwardly that he had never met with such self-control.

But not a word did Edith utter that she felt deserted; not a lisp that betrayed the resentment and dismay that she felt.

Quickly finishing her breakfast, she paid for it, refusing the polite "allow me," of the conductor. And he escorted her to the train, and secured, at her request, a whole compartment to herself.

The porter stood ready with her checks and ticket. Handing him a dollar for his services, she turned to the conductor, thanking him sincerely for his kindness; she entered the car, and dropping the curtains around her, sat down to think.

" Deuced elegant woman!" said the conductor. " That rascally German has deserted her, I'll lay; but holy pipers, didn't she take it cool! Another woman would have screamed and fainted, and had half of Cleveland around her. Reporters would have got a column out of

it. It would have been telegraphed to New York, and by the time she got there, there would have been a crowd to have seen her come in."

"Deserted, boss?" said the porter.

"Well, Pete, it looks like it. She said nothing, however. Don't get up any gossip around here about it."

"Not a word, boss, but I kind 'o thought the way she bunged out her eyes this morning, when she asked arter him, dar was suffin up. Well, a man that would d'sert such a bully woman as that ort to go shoot hisself, that's what dis nigger ses," and Pete shook his head, disgustedly.

Edith was traveling alone with her thoughts, and they were busy. What should be her first move on arriving in New York. To go back home, perhaps to encounter Guy, with the money lost, out of her power to account for it, was an impossibility.

Her parents she cared nothing for, what they thought was of but little moment, and she knew they would not venture to ask her anything regarding her strange and unexpected change of plans.

Edith's mind traveled over much ground during the day, and when the cars rumbled into the city at ten in the evening, she was like some storm-tossed mariner, quite uncertain as to her bearings or future course.

Taking a hack, she ordered the driver to take her to the Grand Central Hotel, and she quickly retired to a room, more humbled, chagrined, and broken than she had ever been before.

She called for a light repast, and early sought her couch, but not to sleep; she tossed about, now getting up and moving hurriedly to and fro, with hands clasped behind her, then standing at the window looking out on the darkness of the night, which was bright compared to the midnight of her life at that moment.

Such a night as she spent there alone, with no eye, as

a barrier to conceal her misery, was never endured before by a forsaken, degraded, indignant woman.

Sleep she could not, and all night long she planned and plotted, schemed, and resolved, what to do for restoration and revenge, until morning gloaming threw her into a fitful, uneasy slumber. It was a night filled with mental torture.

CHAPTER XIII.

TAKING UP BROKEN THREADS.

THE longest night must end, the darkest hour gain a glimmering of light.

Morning came to Edith with sombre hue. Here in her native city she felt alone and desolate; by her own hand she had severed every tie, broken every thread, that held her to home, family and society.

How much even in this little space of time had become known she had no means of ascertaining.

She sent out for the daily papers of the week; carefully glancing over them, she found they, at least, had no "spicy gossip," no "elopement in high life," and her spirits arose a mite at that. After partaking of a dainty breakfast she pondered long, and sent a messenger to headquarters for a trusty detective. To her surprise and gratification, Winship, the renowned, was sent to do her bidding.

More humbled she had never been, a keener mortification was never endured by a high-strung, sensitive woman than by Edith when telling her story to the detective.

Too well she knew prevarication was useless, a plain, unvarnished tale was all that would avail her, and one can imagine the chagrin of such a woman when obliged to

confess that she had been outwitted by a man, and that, too, through her affections. Hardly had she finished her description of Eugene Meyers here the detective, who had sat listening with a keen ear, clapped his hand upon the table, as if he had already secured his victim, and said :

“ I know him well, the sneak ! It’s an old game—he plays it well.”

“ But can anything be done ?”

The detective shrugged his shoulders.

“ How much did he get out of you ?”

“ One hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to the penny,” was Edith’s reply, and her whole face reddened at the thought of how very gullible an individual she was, and she at that moment owned herself very much of a woman. “ I also placed most of my valuable jewelry and laces in his possession, for he declared his trunks were far more secure than mine, and he would have the valuables put under special care——”

“ Ah, ha ! probably he did,” said Winship, “ by never taking them from the city.”

“ Well, detective, I have told you all, is there any prospect ?”

“ How much will you give, if I return your property ?”

“ Ten thousand dollars.”

“ I will try, madame; in the meantime, I should advise seclusion and secrecy on your part.”

“ I would not, under any consideration, have it known sir, that I am in town, not only for this, but there are other powerful reasons why my whereabouts must be kept secret.”

“ Trust me, madame, I will report to you this evening at nine, and hope to report progress ; at any rate, I will call at that hour.”

“ Very well, sir. It will be a long day, I shall hope for night to bring good tidings.”

All day Edith remained in her apartments, standing

oftener at the windows peeping through the blinds at the passers by, noticing more closely all the confusion and bustle on Broadway than she was wont to do, and occasionally she saw a well known face and smiled bitterly at herself, a prisoner in a Broadway hotel, than striving for needed rest.

Rest? In such a whirlpool of emotions, such pent up anger and sorrow was she, that she gave no relaxation to her nerves; on so high a tension were they strung, she seemed incapable of any feeling., save reinstalling herself in her old place, fortune, home and all—and the bitter thoughts that would surge through her mind were too humiliating, that she, a woman never conquered, who had lived all these years so secure in herself, so invulnerable to the weaknesses of her sex, she who had frowned upon and laughed to scorn the many foibles of women who had proven too weak to resist the wiles of those stronger than themselves, had at one turn of the wheel thrown, herself into a vortex from which perhaps there was no retrievalment.

Night came, and with it, the detective.

"Madame, I have found him," was his salutation.

"And my money and jewels?"

"He has them all secure."

"Secure?"

"Yes, secure, and defies you. So certain was he that you would make good your word here, to go to California, he made no attempt at concealment, and I had little trouble to lay my hand on him—a more surprised man than he, when he learned my business, one would scarcely find, but he quickly recovered, and feeling that he has the advantage of you, he defies you."

"He little knows me."

"There you mistake, madame. He knows your social relations, and believing you would part with a good share, if not all, rather than to be exposed, and have the affair

made public gossip, he says, he will give up all but one third of the money, and your diamonds."

"One third? Is the man wild?" she asked, with sneering emphasis.

"Remember, madame, I have him in my power, and if you but say the word can recover every cent if you wish the affair made public. If not, the best compromise possible is all we can do."

"Say this to Eugene Meyers," said Edith.

"John Scannon, by rights, madame."

Edith blushed deeply at the thought of all this humiliation, but continued.

"Tell him I am perfectly reckless, and will have the whole exposed and send him to Sing Sing, rather than submit to such robbery, and see the effect it will have."

"And I am to understand back of this, you would not have an *expose* for the whole amount? Am I right?"

"You understand the case and me, exactly—When may I hope to see you again?"

"To-morrow morning, as early as convenient, I hold him for an interview to-night," and taking his hat, the detective bowed himself from the room.

Meyers was easily found; after leaving Edith that night in Buffalo, he had taken the return train to New York, and had been absent so short a time he had really not been missed. Taking to his old name and down town resorts, he had settled down for a good time, chuckling to himself that he had gained a victory over one of New York's handsomest and most fashionable women, and a fortune at the same time, and feeling secure in the thought that her pride would keep Edith away from the city, and no fear of exposure troubling him, he stalked boldly about to the surprise of his friends, who, seeing his lavish display of money, wondered where "John" had raised so big a stake as he evidently possessed.

The next day brought the detective to the hotel at an

early hour ; Edith was already up and pacing the floor with nervous rapidity. This confinement was to one of her active temperament, excruciating, and coupled with it all the distressing doubts regarding the future, made every hour a day.

Edith could hardly wait for the door to close. Winship knew his man, knew that there were other criminal affairs that could be brought against him, that would considerably lengthen a term in States Prison, and in this way brought him to terms, he agreeing to give all but forty thousand dollars and one diamond cluster ring. This, after paying the detective, would return to Edith one hundred and twenty-five thousand, and she quickly accepted the terms. But is it possible for any one to imagine the chagrin and deep set mortification that surrounded her, as she thought how easily and quickly she had been gulled out of fifty thousand dollars, and a ring worth seven hundred more ?

The restoration of her property being effected, her thoughts turned homeward. How to reconcile herself to Guy was the all absorbing thought. How did her letter affect him ? what had been his movements since ? In what way could she reach him ? were queries revolved again and again through her mind.

As to her parents she had no fears. They would be only too glad at her return, and as much or little as she choose to tell them would suffice.

In order to learn something of the turn affairs had taken there before presenting herself, she concluded to write a line to her mother. Securing a trusty messenger through the porter at the hotel, she dispatched him with the following note, bidding him give it to Mrs. Harvey in person, and await a reply :

“ DEAR MOTHER: Did you really think I meant to leave you and father and go to California ? What dear old innocents you are, to be sure ! No—no ! I love New

York too well; I only wished to see how it would touch Guy, to pretend such a breaking up. Write me all that was said and done after my leaving. Be secret, return answer by bearer, and let no one know that I am in the city until I bid you.

“Your daughter,

“EDITH.”

The effect on the simple old couple, whose only light of life was this capricious daughter, can be easily imagined. The old lady cried, and Mr. Harvey snuffed, rubbed his hands, and undertook to tell his wife: “Why, wife, I told you,” but as he could not for the life of him think of a thing he had “told her” he had to subside, by saying:

“Well—well, that’s a queer girl, anyhow.”

Neither of them could be surprised, for Edith had always invented strange ways for herself, and as they had never gained anything by intervention, what could they now? so Mrs. Harvey dried her eyes, and answered:

“MY DARLING DAUGHTER EDITH: Your father and I are so glad, and are even willing to be made the subjects of your maneuver, to know that you really never intended leaving us, but will soon be at home again. The house has been dreary enough since you went away. Guy came home that night, went to his room, found your note, came down, read it to your father and myself, and without comment went up-stairs again, packed everything belonging to him, and shortly after getting a carriage, he left the house without a word where he was going or whether he should ever return. We have not seen or heard from him since, and the house is sad and lonely. Return now, and please your father and mother.”

Edith read the letter with varied emotions; perhaps Guy had left the city, thinking it the most quiet way to cancel all gossip—perhaps—but no—not likely, he had followed in her wake—if he had—how much did he know of the real events? But why cavil, why spend useless moments in pondering over she knew not what?

Springing to her feet, she rang the bell in so energetic a manner that it speedily brought a servant to the door. "My bill and a carriage at once!" was the imperative order.

"Yes, ma'am."

In less than fifteen minutes Edith was in a carriage, and speeding homeward to Murray Hill.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOME AGAIN.

IN less than an hour, Edith was at home, and in her own room. Her meeting with her parents was rapturous on thier part; on hers the same cool "of course" way that had ever characterized her deportment.

Telling them she was weary and travel-stained, and needed to go to her own room, she left them, after a few moments' reunion.

In her own room. The room that had been the scene of her greatest triumph, her greatest love, and now her greatest misery. As she glanced about her, and saw all the evidences of Guy's occupancy removed, and it in such perfect neatness and order, its very nakedness overcame her, already overtaxed nerves, and falling on her knees by the bed, she burst into a flood of scalding tears.

Tears for Edith! ah! how seldom she had wept, how seldom had cause for grief.

"Oh, God!" she moaned, "has it come to this? I bought love with money—I forsook home, thinking happiness was in store for me. Money has been my idol, it is shattered, and I am, oh, how miserable! Dare I ask for forgiveness? Is it for such as me? No, I dare not; I have done everything wicked, and now that fate has turned against me, will I ask for pardon, sue for peace to Him

whom I never sought in brighter days? No, I cannot, dare not. If I dared, I would die. Is there a hereafter? Oh, were I sure of oblivion, I would fly to it! I am not, and if I die, the dread hereafter."

For a long time she knelt by the bed, abject, cowardly, a prey to remorse.

"Where is Guy? Oh, that I knew—knew how to bring him to me again!" and as the thought surged through her brain "I may never see him again," another flood of tears came to her relief, and her whole frame shook with the violence of her emotion.

The storm has spent itself. Gradually the waves beat less savagely against her heart, and she arose to her feet, still bowed by the weight of the storm which had so recently passed over, and seating herself in a low chair, again she asked herself:

"Where is Guy?"

Her mind ran back over her past life, over the dramatic events of the past two years, and down to the very day and hour when she now communed with herself; and what a dream she found it. Over the past week she would have fain have drawn the veil of oblivion, she could almost wish to blot herself from existence for that length of time, for she felt so debased, so demeaned, by all that had occurred.

"Where is Guy?" she asked herself, for the third time. "He drove me to this folly—wretchedness, if it must be called. I will not blame myself—why should he treat me with such indifference? Why lavish attentions on others not my equals in beauty or accomplishments. But he shall not desert me—I'll follow him, yes, follow him to death," and she clenched her hand and closed her mouth as if to show the strength she would use. "He shall not desert me—I am his wife; as his wife he shall treat me, and as his wife, I will go where he goes, live where he lives."

Night came, Edith had lived and endured much in the past few days, and as she was once more in her own room with her pleasant surroundings, and knew that the real cause of his absence was not suspected, she finally disrobed, and early sought her couch. Sleep, balmy sleep, enfolded the weary, disappointed woman in its gentle arms, and she rested as a child on its mother's bosom. Happy release, when sleep, the twin of death, makes us oblivious to suffering, remorse, and reality.

Morning came, sleep had done its work. Edith arose refreshed, collected, and determined.

At the breakfast bell summons, she descended, meeting her father and mother in her grand, beautiful, queenly way, seating herself at the head of the table, and doing its duties as if there had been no break in her customs.

Her parents looked each at the other; not a word was said on the subject of the recent occurrences, they knowing full well, unless Edith broached the subject, t'were wisdom to leave it untouched.

After breakfast, she ordered the carriage, and dressing herself in plain costume, she entered it, pulling the silken curtains down sufficiently that, while unobserved, she could have a good view of every object on her route, she drove from place to place, but finally turned homeward, and from the frown on her face, as she gave the "home" order, it was evident her drive had been unsuccessful.

Shortly after entering the house, she sent a servant for a well-known detective, of whom she had heard Guy speak as belonging to his club, and thoroughly a gentleman.

About two, the detective was announced, and Edith speedily joined him in the parlor, looking radiantly beautiful, with no trace of the trouble through which she had so recently travailed.

After exchanging necessary civilities, Edith proceeded at once to business.

" Detective Jones, I have a very delicate matter on hand,

and I believe you fully capable, and most honorable to prosecute it, in case you will take it in hand," said she.

"Thanks, madame, for the confidence in the outset, I am yours to command. What is the nature of your business?"

"If I mistake not, you know my husband, Guy Lawrence?"

"I do, indeed; have met him within three days at the club."

"That is good news; you know of him more recently than I! We have had, my dear sir, a serious misunderstanding. He has neglected me cruelly of late, and lavished his time, money, and I think (it must be jealousy) affections on others. I, thinking, to cause a reaction, pretended to fall in love with another man, and to have fled to California in his company, taking all our valuable property. Of course I did not go, as is self-evident. I made the necessary arrangements, so far as leaving the house, writing, announcing my intentions by letter, to him, and stopping away long enough to test the effect. He came, read my letter, removed his effects (this house, you, perhaps, are not aware, belongs to my parents) and has not been seen since. I fear, in attempting to punish him with his own weapons, I have over-reached myself, and made matters worse than before."

"Which is too often the case, madame, in affairs of this kind. Time, if one only knew it, is the best course, if one would only bide it."

"I see it, now it is too late, but what can I now do to retrieve the last situation?"

"You ask me? What conciliation are you willing to make? what have me do?"

"This, if you will—meet him at your earliest convenience, tell him I am wild at the turn affairs have taken, that I am, have been, true. That I find retaliation of little effect, when love lies beyond, and I regret sincerely

ever having written that letter, ever stooping to spite him, my husband."

"Mrs. Lawrence, I will serve you to the best of my ability, but you understand how delicate a matter it is, and I can make no promises."

"But you must succeed, and that, too, without letting him know you are employed by me in the matter."

"I must succeed, eh? But supposing he is averse to even conversing on the subject, what then?"

"Ah! that's what you detective's are for," replied Edith, laughingly, "to overcome aversion and make people listen; not only listen, but be convinced. This is why I sent for you. I have heard so much of your tenacity to your subject, and your success in difficult undertakings. You will give the subject your personal attention, and not set a subordinate at it?"

"I will promise that, madame, but further, time must develop."

"Oh, you will succeed; I have the money, he is poor. He left the Cammon's a long time ago, for I had sufficient and did not want him a drudge for others. I see my mistake now, there is always mischief for idle minds. It's not too late, he must be won again to his home and me. He loves money too well to scorn the proffered reconciliation."

"Mrs. Lawrence, I believe you. Such devotion will succeed. I espouse your cause heartily, and will commence work at once."

"And when can I hope for news from you, detective?" she asked, eagerly.

"That I cannot say; I will go to the club to-night; if he is there I will put out the opening feeler at once, and will report to you at an early day—to-morrow, if possible."

"If possible, do so. You understand the situation fully?"

"I think, yes, at least enough to commence upon. The money is safe as a basis?"

"You understand all, I was jealously insane, smooth the matter as best you can; my husband I must gain again, and that, too, before gossip has aught to do with it."

"I see—I see! Well, I will stand by you, Mrs. Lawrence," and taking his hat, with a "good-evening" on his part, a bow and confident smile on Edith's, he left the house.

"Will he believe this yarn?" said Edith to herself, going to her room. "Can I make him think jealous spite would cause me to take all this trouble? I will, he must, yes, shall!" and she turned the key in the door, and sat down again to think.

Think, ah! how much Edith had thought within the past ten days and how much she wished that she had thought sooner, and acted more wisely.

"It's not too late yet," said she, "we will take up a new life, and in it live more rationally for each other; poor powers, poor charms must these of mine be, if after two years they are incapable of wielding no influence over the infatuated Guy Lawrence of two years ago," and she smiled sarcastically at the bare inference of her thoughts, that it might be so.

CHAPTER XV.

MADAME MARSH AND A MIDNIGHT VISITOR AGAIN.

AGAIN Madame Marsh of clairvoyant memories has an nocturnal visitor.

Our reader has not surely forgotten the woman of mysteries; she who by art, cunning, or dark dealing unknown to the many, came possessed of the secrets of so great a number of people.

Her location, rooms, and surroundings are the same as when described in an earlier chapter. We find her seated in the little room she fondly called her "privacy," and from her air of abandon she seemed communing with her thoughts.

Dreaming, mayhap, of the past, the mysteries she had helped to solve, the secrets of which she had become mistress, and with all the ins and outs of her own checkered life.

It is nearly midnight, and madame, feeling the time her own, gives fancy full scope, and the panorama that passes her vision is wierd, startling, and many of the views are not very pleasant.

A rap sounded on the outer door ; she started, gazed at the clock ; just twelve ! Surely none could need her at this hour, but it sounded again, and quite imperative ; she stepped forward, opened the door, and peered beyond. A female figure deeply veiled appeared in the dense darkness, broken by the inner ray of light.

"Who is it ?" asked the seeress.

"One who needs your powers, who seeks you at this hour not from curiosity."

The veiled woman passed in, and the door was shut.

"What can I do for you at midnight, my dear ?" said madame, trying to infuse a cheerful tone in her query, though she was startled, and showed it in the tremor of her voice.

"You must tell me why I am here, and what I wish to know—in fact, explain my trouble."

She seated herself, this veiled figure, and remained thus, with her face secluded.

Madame took her soft, well shaped hand in hers, and instantly noticed a ring on the third finger ; she had seen it before, a tiny braid of gold, with a serpent's head, two tiny diamonds, and one emerald forming the eyes and mouth.

She closed her eyes, retaining the hand. Five minutes passed, neither spoke. The veiled woman hardly breathed, she was self-composed and nonimpressible.

"We have met before, lady."

"You mistake, the powers are at fault."

"Shall I revive the meeting? If the picture is at fault, well and good. I give it as seen."

"Speak on, though you are surely mistaken."

"Years have passed, perhaps 'twere better to leave the dim picture untouched."

"I wish to see it," said the visitor.

"I see a school-girl, bright, persevering, passionate; a school-boy her ideal. Love casts its spell over them; they love, not wisely, she has riches, he the heir to poverty. They marry, and in time a pledge of their stealthy love and marriage is given. A child is born; the girl mother opens her eyes to all the future, should this be known, and worldliness takes the place of love. She hates, and tells her boy lover they must part ere their friends learn of their secret and its climax; that they are powerful and will crush out his future. He, poor, proud and ambitious, listens to her, and they agree to part. He to fly to a distant land, and each to resume life on a new footing, as man and woman. The girl and boy forever dead.

"When—what of him? Does he live?" asked the visitor, with emotion.

"He has passed beyond my ken, is not upon the picture, probably dead," she replied.

"The girl remains a woman now, and married again. She is rich, courted, beautiful."

"But the child of which you speak, where is that? Does it live?"

"That, too, is gone from my vision. Time fades such pictures greatly," was the answer.

"But was not this child brought to you?"

"It was, I remember well."

"And you do not know its fate?"

"I gave it to parties leaving the country, they said, forever, and such was probably the case."

"Well, that is neither here nor there. What brought me here to-night?"

"To know your fate."

"Fate? No, I care not for that. What do you predict for me?"

"Your husband is your trouble, lady, you are separated."

"Yes, but not for all time?" she asked, eagerly.

"A common interest will reunite you. Love is dead on his part. Pride will accomplish your wishes in the matter."

"You have solved my query. Here," and placed a bill in the hand of the seeress, little thinking how much her ungloved hand with the tell-tale ring had aided to read her history.

Certainly the veiled lady is no mystery to our readers. She left the house, walked to the corner where her carriage stood in waiting for her, and was driven home.

She entered her room, calm and unruffled, her lips were compressed, and when she put her hands up to unloose her veil, she found she had clenched her fingers so tightly that they were benumbed.

Not a quiver of the breath, not a sigh told of the mission of the night; coolly making ready for rest, she lay down and slept, no thought or vision of other forms or faces, no baby sobs flitted across her fancy, as they would have done the pillow of one less conscienceless, less heartless."

* * * * *

Guy Lawrence and Detective Jones met at the club.

"How are you, Lawrence? You don't look over-jolly, some rich relation died and forgot to mention you in the will, hey?" and the jolly detective laughed merrily.

Guy tried to laugh funnily, but it was a sickly attempt, and proved too great an effort, and he turned to go out.

"So—so, Guy, that won't do, I know what ails you; brace up, my boy," laying his hand on Guy's shoulder.

"You know what's the matter, eh? bit of shrewd detective work, perhaps," said Guy, a bit sarcastic, for he had exchanged a word with no one regarding his home troubles.

"Well, yes, perhaps a little family upset, ha—ha! How is that for shrewdness? Why, Guy, your soft yet, a few of these domestic spats will make a man of you. You'll look at life differently after a few years."

"Say, you call yourself *shrewd*, you're making a donkey of yourself this time, and I know it," said Guy, bitterly.

"I'll bet you a bottle of 'the widow,' that I do know all about it, come!"

Lawrence dragged himself to the lower part of the room, after the detective, and showed that he felt thoroughly bored, but was too indifferent to make much resistance.

The detective dropped into a chair at one side of the table, Guy taking the other, and after looking at each other, the detective shook his head, and smiled.

"Well, what is it, cap? you seem to feel very funny; let it out, perhaps it's inspiring, though I'll confess I can't see it."

"You're a fool, Guy, is all that's the matter with you."

"Oh! is that all? well, there are few men would dare tell me so, if you please."

"You're being made a fool of."

"Yes by whom, pray?"

"Your wife."

"There, drop that subject, there are some phases of life that even a detective has no right to intrude upon," said Guy, bitterly. "I have no wife now."

"Pshaw! what nonsense! a man repudiating one of the

handsomest women in New York ; don't give yourself away."

" What are you driving at ? come, out with it, if you've got anything to say."

" All right. You know you've not been the most exemplary husband of late—there—there, no use of flying up with me, you know."

" By what right do you dare——"

" There, I know, but this is between man and man. You know you've been traveling at a fast gait, your wife found it out, and, naturally, got jealous."

" But how do you know all this, sir ?"

" Never mind how. I know it ; she was bound to be even, and played a right sharp point on you."

" Sharp ? I do not understand you."

" Well, you got a letter, didn't you, saying she had left, and hinted at somebody else having gained her affections ?"

" How in —— did you know that ?"

" How, why she told me."

" When ? How ? do you pretend to tell me she exposed this herself before leaving ?"

" Yes, for she never went."

" What's that you say—did not go ? Man, you are wild !"

" I saw her this morning, could she return so soon ?"

" This morning ? Where ?"

" At your house on Murray Hill."

" What say you ? Saw Mrs. Lawrence this morning ? Impossible ! aren't you fooling ?"

" Certainly not ; she sent for me and confessed her foolishness ; of course she does not wish you to know this, and I promised to keep it from you, that I was employed, but, Guy, you and I are talking, now, two men of the world, let's be candid. She owns she was wild at your indifference, and knowing you were escorting other ladies

around, and spending your time everywhere but with her—she struck this plan thinking to have a very different effect; she was only gone one day, and returned thoroughly frightened—every thing is in your hands now, how will you use it?" said the detective, blandly, yet watching him closely.

Lawrence's eyes scintillated with fire at the recital of this scheme.

"There is something more, whether you know it or not, cap; I shall find it out. I know her better than you."

"Don't you believe it; she loves you, and is thoroughly frightened at the thought of losing you. Look upon it as a jealous freak, go back and take it as such. Come, you and your wife have too much at stake to play so foolishly. Take a stand, now, and hold the stakes, after this, yourself."

"If she chooses to put her confession on paper, and owns to her folly, I may be induced to go back."

"I'll see to that. I call this a wise resolution, and you'll see it so, yet, yourself, boy. I've been married more years than you. Keep cool. Have another bottle? All right, I must be off to duty. Good-night. See you again soon," and the detective went out to the street.

"Who will be master from this time out, madame?" hissed Guy, as he went to the upper floor where he lodged.

The next afternoon Guy Lawrence received a letter from his wife, and quite unlike any phase of her character hitherto known to him.

"DEAR GUY: You used to say you loved me because I was so little of the woman, had so few of the weaknesses of my sex, in fact, was level headed. I thought so, too, but when I found, or feared, I had lost your love, I lost my balance, and for the first and only time in my life, got jealous. Jealous women always do unheard of things. I tried for revenge, but found I was the only injured party. Guy, I am sorry. Coming from me you know it means repentant, unhappy; forgive, will you? May I hope to

be reinstated, and to try, by patience, kindness, and love that has never died, to be again your own Edith ? Say yes, Guy. Let's bury the past, and commence again to live for each other.

" Now, as always, your true wife.

" EDITH."

We, who knew the real events of the past few days, can but open our eyes at this letter ; and yet is it not a piece of all the coolness that has characterized each and all of Edith's movements through life, cool, unblushing effrontery ?

Guy Lawrence had received the letter at his room in the club house. He had read and re-read it, striving to sift the truth from it.

A rap sounded on the door.

" Come in."

The door opened, and in walked our red-headed, loose scalped, wise-looking genius, Davies, the detective.

Lawrence gave a glance, and had his mind not been so thoroughly filled with the letter he had just read, would have laughed heartily at this living apparition.

" I beg pardon, I think it hardly necessary to introduce myself ?"

" Oh, no ! don't take the trouble ; once seen, you could easily be remembered," said Guy, sneeringly.

" Just so—just so, Mr. Lawrence, there are not so many men of brains in our corps that one can easily be forgotten," and the brains pushed the shock of red hair up viciously.

" Well, what would you here ?"

" I have business with you ; are we alone, Mr. Lawrence ?"

" Business ? ha—ha—ha ! you came to me once before on business. Perhaps you have found a clue to the burglars again, eh ?" and Guy, full of trouble as he was, could not refrain from laughing, as he thought of the

mighty quaking this detective gave him at a former meeting.

"Nothing of the kind ; this business, I imagine, will strike nearer home. You have a wife, sir?"

"I believe I am thus blessed. How, pray, does that concern you?"

"I suppose you are willing to pay for information that vitally effects you?" and the detective elevated his loose cranium in a wise manner.

"Oh, certainly, when I really get anything valuable I pay for it."

"Exactly, just so. Did you know your wife had a lover, and that he had proved a rival in your affections. That your wife had already eloped with him?" and Davies' roof almost left its socket.

"No, what do you mean?"

"I mean as I say, Mr. Lawrence, and you have not suspected it?"

"Not in any way."

"Well, only another added to the large list of credulous people a detective of any experience encounters. You are sure you will not be offended at my plainness of speech, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Drive on, good friend, never spoil a good story on account of one's feelings. I'm quite anxious to get your drift."

"You won't fly into a passion? Through my subordinates I've heard something of great importance to you. It comes home to your very roof, your hearthstone."

"Well, get at it."

"Your wife has a lover."

"Indeed!"

"He is about to supplant you."

"The deuce you say!"

"Don't now, I beg, keep cool. A cool man is a brave man. You need bravery at this point."

And Davies looked as if a well-regulated man would instantly blow his brains out at such a point.

"Yes, sir, Mrs Guy Lawrence has left to make preparations, and will elope with this lover," he whispered, mysteriously.

"How do you know this?" said Guy.

"We, detectives, never tell how we find these things out. It's enough we find and squelch. I know it's so."

"Who is this man?"

"John Scannon is his real name."

"She is about to elope with this man? Now, see here," said Guy, "make good what you have said, or I'll blow your brains out here and now," pulling a revolver from his pocket, as if to suit the action to the word.

Davies dropped his lower jaw his big eyes protruded, every individual hair of his loose scalp stood on end like quills on a frightened porcupine. He tried to speak, but seemed somehow to have lost his tongue somewhere in the open cavity of his head.

"You have cheekily thrust yourself into my presence big with outrageous slanders; now make good what you have said, or this one ounce of lead shall scatter your two ounces of brains on yonder wall."

"Oh, Lord! don't—don't be so hasty; keep your temper," said Davies, trembling.

"Impudent pup!" said Lawrence, contemptuously. "It does seem too bad, though, to use so good a cartridge on so poor an idiot; but give me your authority without further parley. Who told you this?"

"Snuffy Tom," said Davies.

"Who, pray, is Snuffy Tom?"

"One of my shadows. He knows Scannon, and seeing him in company with your wife, he piped him off, and finally gave it away that he was going to elope with her, and that's all I know about it. But please forgive me," he said, cunningly.

"And that is *all* you know?" said Lawrence. "This little item of scandal has swelled you up like a huge toad in the sun. Now get," said he, pointing to the door.

"Oh, yes! thank you," said Davies, sloping without an instant's loss of time.

The next moment Guy Lawrence was alone in his room. He stood a moment as if irresolute, and finally throwing himself into a chair, he said:

"By Jove! there must be something in it, after all. I'll bide my time, but fathom this mystery."

CHAPTER XVI.

A MONEYED RECONCILIATION.

AFTER the summary dismissal given Davies in our last chapter, Guy sat down to think.

He believed this man with big ideas and sayings not wholly a fool, and inferred from his former experiences with him, that he had not based this last detective exploit on fancy.

Whatever move he made, whichever way he turned, he decided must be done quickly. Taking his hat he left the club house, and going down Broadway, entered a well-known gambling house, in search of some one to do his bidding. He found there the man he wanted, and taking him aside, said:

"How's business?"

"Deuced bad. Why?"

"Will you take a job in hand for me, work it up to the exclusion of everything else, and that, too, as quickly as possible?"

"I will, indee; I'm in bad luck, and if I can exclude that, shall be most happy."

"Do you know Snuffy Tom?"

"Otherwise Eugene Meyers, gentleman?" said the gambler detective, with a laugh. "Oh, yes! I know him in either phase."

"All right. Do you think you can find him? seen him lately?"

"Not very. He's been playing gentleman of late, I think, still, if he's in the city, I know his haunts, and can spot him."

"All right; here's fifty dollars; get to work, find out everything he has been doing, and where he has been for the last month, at least, and report to me as early as possible."

"I'm your man," said the gambler, putting away the fifty with a relieved look on his face.

"Well, good-night, get to business at once, the easier and quicker you earn that, and fifty more, the better it will please me," said Guy.

"I'm off for an opening," said the man, and the two parted.

Guy entered a cab, merely saying to the cabbie, "up-town."

He wished to think ere deciding his next move.

"Edith is deep and cold; if she has made any false step it's not been done openly, her pride would prevent that. That she has not laid herself liable to my revenge, I'm not so certain, but while this is working, and I am waiting for points, I'll appear to become reconciled, and get all the money I can in my own hands. Yes, I'll see her to-night," and he ordered the driver to go to — number on Murray Hill.

He found Edith waiting to see him, more nervous, more embarrassed than ever before.

She flew to meet him, but he was in poor humor to endure or give caresses, still he made a show of ardor, that he might better carry out his design.

"Don't seem cold, Guy, don't be cross to me, you can never know how I've suffered in all this foolishness that I thought myself strong enough to carry out. You know all I acknowledged in my note, I meant every syllable," and Edith stood with her arms clasped around his neck, looking up in his face with a yearning, tearful expression.

"I am glad to hear you say it, Edith, and shall hope for better behavior," said Guy, in a lofty tone that once would have aroused Edith's greatest indignation.

"But I loved you so, and your indifference crazed me. You know, Guy, I've always loved you madly."

"Yes, and had a mad way of showing it, to my sorrow, often," said he, unclasping her arms from his neck and seating her on a sofa, he drew near.

"Don't say that, Guy, pray don't upbraid me, forget and forgive the past, and let's try equally to be happy again."

"No, Edith, I do not say let's try again."

"Oh, Guy—Guy! why do you say that?"

"Well, the manner you have treated me has been too oppressive; see, for instance, in money affairs, how you have the money all in your own name and control, can you imagine another such a dolt as me in that respect?"

"But I've never refused you money?"

"No, but what man wants to feel he must always ask for his own?"

"But, Guy, you never uttered a syllable of complaint about it until now."

"Perhaps not, but now I do, and make that the grounds of our reconciliation; that money shall be turned over to me, its rightful possessor," said Guy, with much spirit.

Edith reflected over this phase she had not dreamed of. She had but a small portion left, to turn *it* over would bring a demand for an explanation concerning the rest.

"I'll compromise, Guy. You shall have fifty thousand

in your name to do as you like with. Your home is here, that will be carried on at my expense."

"No, I must control every penny. The money is mine, not yours, remember."

"Then my efforts for reconciliation are fruitless, I decline to negotiate further."

"You refuse, eh, after all your professions?" said Guy, with sarcasm.

"I do, beyond the sum named; I am not all inclined to give up all, and perhaps see it squandered on others."

Guy knew Edith's firmness, and he knew by the steady glitter of her eye and the firm expression of her mouth that affairs had reached a climax; 'twas this or nothing, so he, after a little friendly parley, seemed to be satisfied.

The next day the transfer was made, and Edith found herself comparatively poor, with but little gain in the other direction, for the moment Guy came in actual possession he grew cold, reserved, and more neglectful than ever.

Once in possession he turned his attention to the business he had given to the gambler detective; on the third day he received a call from him.

"Well, Mr. Lawrence, I've bagged my game."

"Ah, that's well! Have much trouble?"

"No. Snuff, somehow, has raised more money than usual, consequently he's laying off, wearing good clothes, eating, smoking and drinking the best, and actually sports a diamond ring. It's a lady's ring, though."

"Where is he to be found? Can you bring about an interview between us, and at once?"

"Well, yes, I think I can." It was said rather slowly, for the fellow was thinking of his other fifty, and wondering how it would affect that.

"Well try, and do so for to-night, the other fifty is yours as soon as I fasten on him!" said Guy, noticing his hesitation.

"All right, sir, shall I bring him here?"

"No—no, arrange that we meet at some east side place, say at Parker's, on Broadway. Will that work?"

"Yes, we've met there before now, and I'll manage to get him there about nine."

Guy left nothing undone; he had a notary on hand, and made ready for business.

The moment Meyers saw him he grew white, and when Guy told him to follow him up-stairs to a private room, while striving to appear brave, his knees shook under him. Once in the room, Guy commenced questioning him, and having found out some rascally business of his he had it in his power to thoroughly frighten him. After threatening the full extent of the law upon him, he finally got a confession of the whole affair from him, which was at once properly attested, then he was allowed to go, and Guy was ready for revenge.

Within a week legal papers were served on Edith warning her that her husband, Guy Lawrence, had commenced proceedings against her for a divorce, and requiring her to make answer why such serval should not be granted, her answer to be filed within a certain time.

To describe the dismay of Edith, the overwhelming chagrin at this unexpected change in her plans, is impossible with pen. Her brain reeled and tottered on the edge of insanity.

Her mother knew it all, and for once exhibited some force of character; watching her unhappy daughter closely, she prevented, what was twice attempted, self-destruction.

She nursed her tenderly, and gradually the unhappy woman rallied, her natural force of character asserted itself, and she recovered, in a measure, mental equipoise.

"I will give him up," she mused, "he can go. The mistake is made, it's mine, there is no help for it, I humbled myself for a reconciliation, lost fifty thousand dollars by it, and did not regain him. He can be free, I'll not

oppose him. I've more money than he, and with it pleasure can be bought. I'll soar high, and when it's gone," and the beautiful woman sighed as she thought of its transitory stay, " why the wave of oblivion will cover me as it has thousands of other queens of circumstance. He dare not hound me too far, for he is in my power, ah, deeply in my power, and I will yet make him feel it! Guy Lawrence, my time will come yet!"

Days and weeks passed by, no objections were made, the divorce was granted, Guy and Edith were free, and revolving in different spheres. He, so changed that his earlier friends would not recognize him, passed his time on the road with fast companions or the congenial spirits ever found at the club. She did not ride the wave of pleasure—days, weeks, months rolled by, and she never entered society, and they never met.

Her greatest fear was that " her set " would learn of this social mishap, and well she knew in this, as in other cases, each would have their partisans, and she did not feel strength to bear contumely where hitherto she had shone a bright, particular star.

Society would perhaps not trouble itself over this slight ripple on its surface, were it not for the announcement that Guy Lawrence was about to wed one of the wealthiest and most beautiful women in New York, herself a divorced wife.

This fact, of course, reached Edith, and she resolved that it should not be. It seemed the necessary impetus to drag her from the lethargy into which she had sank since relinquishing society, which had for many years been her life. On the spur of the moment, while her indignation flamed high, she wrote the following letter:

" GUY LAWRENCE:—It may be gossip, but 'tis said you are about to be married. It does not seem like your usual clearness and forethought. I allowed the divorce, for my pride would not let me try to chain a man that wished

to be free, and did not care for love that had so wandered after false and strange gods. To all I've submittted, but unless you write and assure me this is false, the trodden worm will turn again, you shall spend your days in Sing Sing, and I shall see there is but little delay in your transit. Forewarned is forearmed. You know to what I refer.

EDITH."

Guy Lawrence was in the toils. The rumor was true. Edith had remained so passive he had no idea of her interference.

The shock was like a thunderbolt. What could be done? Only one of two things—reconcile, or put Edith out of the way. It required but little tact to postpone his marriage.

He wrote Edith, denying the report *in toto*, insinuating that a burned child dreaded the fire, his own experience had not been so conducive to happiness that he need rush into the vortex again.

She was by no means sure of the truth of this letter, and was on the alert for events, watching all movements with her usual keenness, at the same time making no reply, either expressing satisfaction or doubt.

Once she received some choice wine cakes from a well-known confectioner's, "accept from a friend," attached to the handle of a dainty basket. Calling a miserable cur of a dog from the street, she fed him a piece. He died in ten minutes. The basket and contents were put under lock and key, and nothing said about it.

Another time a basket of fruit and another choice confectionery were sent "from friends." Taking pains to have some of each analyzed, they were found to be strongly impregnated with poison.

No remarks were made, not even her parents knew of these fiendish attempts upon the life of their only child. Edith was well convinced that it was Guy's mode of ridance, that he might marry his second choice.

While all these strange events were going on in the lives

of these two persons, Detective Jones, who had been the medium through which a seeming reconciliation had been brought about, so quickly followed by a divorce, had not been idle. That there was something more than married folk's spleen lay at the bottom of all this strange maneuvering he had little doubt.

He gave much attention to the great Cammon robbery at the time of its excitement, and had never, in his own mind, freed Lawrence from a complicity in it, neither could he get the threads together that would hold him in the matter.

Since this affair he had again taken it up. He found that Mr. Harvey was at the time of Edith's marriage a beggar in true parlance, and that after Edith and the confidential clerk were married, hundreds of thousands had passed from their coffers, and that there was no legitimate way of their getting any considerable part of the sum they had spent, not to mention what they still had possession of.

He also found "Snuffy Tom" the true facts in the case of her elopement with him, and the round sum of money she had paid to quietly settle the affair.

How and where did she get this money? It hardly occurred to him at first that she had all the vast sum stolen from the Cammons in her possession, to do with as she pleased, but as he canvassed the matter week after week, light darted in upon the darkness, and he could see how Lawrence, full of love and trust, had been made to confide in this artful woman, and that she really had been the schemer whereby the theft had been so successfully accomplished.

Getting all the threads in hand he decided to lay the matter before the Cammon firm, and find their wishes in the matter.

At the time this bold and successful robbery had taken place, had any one, detective or citizen, offered such a

suggestion to the firm against their trusted clerk they would have been ordered from the place instantly; but in the light of his subsequent career they were quite in union with the detective to believe him capable of almost anything mean and dishonorable.

After listening to the detective's theory, they had but little to say, for in the face of later events they almost wondered that they were so easily gulled at the time.

"But there is no way to fasten the affair upon him at this late day," said Mr. Cammon.

"Only one," said the detective, "and that is through his wife that was. If he committed this robbery, Edith Harvey, his late wife, knows all the circumstances connected with it. As they are divorced, she is no longer his wife, and can be called upon to tell all she knows by you, which she could not do as his wife."

"But she may not be willing to be used against him, even though she is divorced," said Mr. Cammon.

"Leave that to me. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. Were you acquainted with her, as a wronged woman, you would not set her down as one to stop at trifles. God! I have never met a woman with such fiendish points as she possesses," said the detective, remembering his recent intercourse with her relative to her husband.

"All right, you have the advantage of us in this respect. Still I think—" and turning to his son—"Don't you agree with me, that it would better to first see Mrs. Lawrence, and learn her feelings toward Guy, and whether it will pay to commence proceedings, depending upon her knowledge to convict?"

"I think that would be best and wisest, father. There is no use in stirring up this matter for naught," was his son's reply.

"As you say, gentlemen, in that matter I must submit

to your wishes, but I fear there is danger in delay. I believe in striking at headquarters," said the detective.

"That, of course, is usually the better way, but in this case they are enemies now. This cannot certainly change the current of events, unless it is to make her swift for vengeance," was the reply.

"I defer to your wishes and judgment," and the detective took his leave.

CHAPTER XVII.

A TRUE WOMAN.

NOT many days after, Detective Jones managed to meet the late Mrs. Lawrence. He found her much changed from the time she had summoned him to a private conference, and with change, the shrewdness she had exhibited then, had increased.

Edith immediately suspected that he came from Guy Lawrence, and was as sly, cold and uncommunicative, as her icy nature inclined her to be, and now feeling assured that every word was noticed and construed to her disadvantage by the wily detective for the benefit of her enemy, she weighed every word before speaking, and baffled him at every point.

The detective soon found he was to gain nothing by beating around the bush, so after some little sparring at cross purposes, he came out and boldly informed her that her former husband was about to be married to the wealthy and fascinating woman with whom his name had recently been so often coupled.

Edith's face turned an ashen grey. Was this man, then, about to dare her in her threats? Had she lost even the power to frighten him?

The detective's keen eye was upon her, and the effect

of his information was not lost upon him. Not allowing her to recover, he followed with his suspicions regarding his former conduct, and that the affair was to be fully investigated.

" You, of course, do not wish to be implicated with him. I shall arrest him within a week, aiming to secure him before his marriage, that another woman may not be dragged down in his disgrace. And you can assist to change his anticipated honeymoon into solitude and a prison cell. Is not there revenge for you ? "

" For me ? " she asked, coldly.

" Yes. Has he not deserted you in a shameful manner ? And is he not to put the crowning touch on his infamous treatment of you by marrying another woman, in the same city ? Could you sit quietly and bear such ignominious treatment, when the game of resentment and prevention is so fully in your own hand ? And surely you would hardly care to share his punishment, after suffering all you have at his hands ? " The detective spoke rapidly and with earnestness, for he felt that to strike the iron while hot was the only safe mode of proceeding.

" You assume that he is guilty ? "

" I can almost swear that he is. "

" And you intend to arrest him ? "

" That is my intention. I shall apply for a warrant at once. "

" But you say that my evidence is the most necessary of all for a conviction ? "

" I am so inclined to think. "

" Could you convict him, think you, without it ? "

" Perhaps not *convict*, still the circumstantial evidence would be so strong against you both, that it would be ruin to your characters and standing. "

" This is all so sudden. Will you give me time to think ? It has come upon me like an avalanche. Give me until to-morrow. "

"Certainly; to-day is Friday, say I will let it rest until Monday. Shall I call on that day?"

"Give me your address, please, and I will drop you a line or two covering the whole matter, and my decision."

"Certainly, here is my card."

"And there will be no move made until Monday?"

"None whatever."

"You shall hear from me, sir, on that day," and she bowed him from her presence.

Detective Jones left her, thinking his case secure, and he the hero of a great victory.

What of Edith? She sat stunned with the emotions that rushed over her. Revenge was at hand, should she grasp it? should Guy Lawrence be thrust into a loathsome prison by her hand? Would he suffer more than he had made her? Thoughts of the past, of the first happy days followed each the other with startling rapidity through her brain. Again she was a woman!

Going to her room, she sat down at her *escritoire*, and penned the following note:

"Guy: A detective has just left me. What think you was his business? You, after all this lapse of time, are suspected of the Cammon robbery; or rather, the suspicion has with many existed for a long time, but it's only now our divorce has become known—and that through your contemplated marriage,—I can now be used as a witness against you. Only one way remains open for you, and that for us to marry again. The love bonds of old and the deep affection I still hold for you, prompts me to write this. As *my husband*, you are safe. There is no time to be lost, decision must be made at once. It is in your hands. Come to me immediately, ere it's too late.

"EDITH."

Guy Lawrence thought himself brave, that contact with the world, immunity from discovery for so long a time, his troubles with Edith, and all, had so calloused him that nothing could cause anything more than temporary surprise.

Had the earth parted at his feet, had a thunderbolt descended from a cloudless sky, he could not have been more astonished; more unnerved. He read the letter many times, and finally decided, as Edith said there was no time to be lost, he would see her and learn how true the story was.

Their meeting was intensely dramatic on Guy's part, nervous, excited, his only thought was to get at the whole truth, and see if there was no loophole of escape.

On Edith's, the old passionate love came with full force at the sight of him after so many months of separation.

It was not long ere he was convinced of the truth of her letter, and of the necessity for immediate action. Self preservation is the first law of nature, and as no other way presented itself, he accepted the lesser of two evils, and within two hours from the time of their meeting, Guy Lawrence and Edith Harvey were again reunited in marriage, at the house of a clergyman to which they had speedily repaired. Afterward, they had a few moments conversation, and mutually agreed to each go their own way and await events.

What a contrast to their first marriage, with all its attending triumph of flowers, congratulations, receptions, and honeymoon touring, was this the second, only consummate from motives of safety. That night the following note was penned to Detective Jones.

“ SIR: My decision is made after canvassing thoroughly your proposition of this morning. I have concluded not to appear against *my husband* under any circumstances.

“ Most respectfully,

“ EDITH LAWRENCE.”

Detective Jones prided himself on his acuteness. He felt if anyone could get a matter dead to rights it was himself. The marriage of Guy Lawrence to Edith Harvey was beyond his reckoning, and at first he thought it

but a trick to gain time on her part and so secure the balance of funds she had on hand.

But a few well-timed inquiries showed him the truth of the matter and led him to the confession that for once in his life he had been outwitted by a woman.

Yes, he, Detective Jones, that professed to understand woman, her foibles and stratagems, had been beaten beyond recovery by a woman whom he hoped to make a strong ally.

There was no help for it, and going to Cammon & Son, he gave them the result of their plan, which he had followed. They were, of course, as much astonished as he.

"Well, the devil succors his own," said old Mr. Cammon. "Let it go, Jones, right will over-reach him yet."

"Yes, may as well drop it," said Cammon, junior. "If he had it, it must be pretty well lessened, and with the balance he'd fight it off from court to court, and weary us out with it."

"But justice should be appeased," said the detective.

"Justice is neither here nor there in New York. If we lost that sum through him, we do not care to lose an equal amount among lawyers and judges, not to mention the wear and tear of such litigation."

"Yes, but my professional pride has received a severe blow," said the detective.

"You'll have to put that with our lost money, I guess. You've been handsomely beaten. Put this among your reverses."

"I may have to let it rest for now, but my theory from the first has been the same; I'll not say die, it may be years, but I will yet unravel this mystery."

"Good luck to you, detective, and good-day, sir," said Mr. Cammon, turning to his desk.

Months passed on, nothing further was heard from the robbery.

Guy Lawrence kept his rooms at the club house, Edith

remained in the old house. Both were changed, sadly so. She consuming with an unrequited love. He, striving to keep down scandal, and to keep his affianced wife from suspecting the real cause of the delay of their marriage.

Disappointment makes the heart sick. This lady was sincerely attached to Guy, and when the marriage was postponed for the second time, and so far as she could see, with so little reason, she worried, until her health gave way, and she was seriously ill. Her physician recommended change of scene, and that an ocean voyage was the surest restorative at hand.

Guy was consulted. He clutched at the mode of escape as a dying man at a straw.

Urging the lady by all means to arrange her affairs for a lengthened stay in the old world, he promised to join her so soon as he could settle the troublesome business on hand—probably in six weeks, and at the farthest, three months.

With this pleasure in anticipation, she settled her affairs and soon sailed for France, Guy promising to join her in Paris.

This settled, his next move was to rid himself of his real wife; here was the great trouble. She was at the same time his shield and tormentor, and he found himself pondering night and day, how he should get out of his dilemma.

The thought of murder entered his breast; he had already tried to poison her, but had failed. He pondered long; could he get rid of her and immediately leave the country, would he not be safer than with her living and possessed of his secret?

As Mr. Cammon had said, "the devil succors his own."

While thus deliberating and trying to decide which way was the best to turn, he came upon an account of an infernal machine with which a man had freed himself from a distasteful wife. Every detail of the construction of

this diabolical machine was given, and Guy looked upon the whole article as written for his special benefit.

He quickly and carefully got together the box and contents; following the direction of the read and re-read article carefully, it was at last completed, he taking the trouble to go to Albany where many of her friends resided to express it. It was holiday week, and would, of course excite but little surprise.

The box arrived when Edith was out, and her mother, with the usual deference paid to Edith's affairs, ordered it set on the hall table, until her return, and when she came her attention was at once called to it.

"That's funny! I've not written or heard from any of my Albany friends in a long time—should almost think they had forgotten me instead of sending me a Christmas box."

"Open it," said her father, "and save yourself any more wondering."

She rang the bell, and at the appearance of the waiter, ordered that John should come at once with chisel and hammer. He came, and as he raised the chisel to insert it in the edge of the lid, she pushed it aside, saying:

"Never mind, I won't be so curious. I'll not open it until Christmas morning."

Her word was not to be disputed—the servant bowed and left the room.

"Edith, you are too queer for anything," said her mother, whose curiosity was whetted to know the contents.

"Mother, you are too curious for anything," was the reply, as she took the box and went up to her room.

She sat it down, and sitting down in front of it gazed at it as if she thought her very looks would worm its contents from their hiding.

"Who would send me a box from Albany? There is not one there that is fond enough of me to do it." and as she

mused, her thoughts went back to *other* gifts she had received, and finally she took the box and, putting it in the trunk, locked it away from harm and curiosity.

A week passed, and she had never looked at it, in fact, never even turned the key of the trunk where she had put it. She had made up her mind regarding it, and formed her course of action accordingly.

About ten days after its reception Guy Lawrence called in—an indifferent habit he had of dropping in occasionally, as if to show his right of ownership, and yet that no particular attraction lured him.

There was a strange and tragical look on his face as Edith greeted him, which did not escape her keen detection, but she chatted with him pleasantly on various topics, and finally, asked him to go up stairs to their room, where they had seen so much of happiness, and alas! so much misery and woe.

He followed reluctantly, for why should he refuse? still he was forced to feel it would result unpleasantly.

Edith was full of life, more like her old time self than she had been in weeks, and after telling several minor things, where she had been, and whom she had seen, she suddenly sprang up, saying: "Oh, Guy! I have something to show you; I received a box by express the other day, and punished my curiosity by waiting for you to come, that we might have the surprise together," and going to the trunk, she took it out, at the same time, saying: "It came from Albany; some of my old school girl friends, I suppose, are coming to the city, and thought they would freshen my memory of them in advance; now let's have it open in a trice."

She turned to him, his face was as pale as death.

"Whatever is the matter, Guy!" she said, placing the box on the table, "are you ill?"

"No—a sudden faintness, that's all."

"Faint? Well, I never remember of your complaining

of faintness before. Do you feel better?" she said, anxiously.

"Yes, I am all right now."

"Well, then, let's cheer up over the box; here is a chisel, I brought it up a day or two ago."

"Why, Edith I never saw you so childish; I don't care what's in the box, have it opened any time."

"Now, pray open it. I've left it these many days."

"No—I can't," he said, growing white again.

"Can't? why, you've only to put the chisel under the lid; it's easy enough."

"Then why haven't you opened it yourself before this?" he asked, without, however, looking at her.

"Because I reserved the pleasure for you; can't we have some little pleasure together, my dear?"

"I will not open it!" and he turned away.

"How unkind of you, Guy, to refuse me such a trifle; well, I am bound you shall know the contents, so I'll open it myself," going toward the box and taking up the chisel.

"No—no, Edith, I must go now, I only ran in for a moment; I'll see you again in a day or so," and he went to the door but found it locked.

"Are you going, love?" The query was pleasant, but the mockery of tone was fearful.

"Edith, why is this door locked?" he asked, and his face was pallid.

"I have an important engagement this afternoon, open the door at once."

"Not until you have seen the contents of my holiday box."

"Woman, will you open this door? Is this a specimen of your boasted love?"

"Certainly, to wish you to share my pleasures," and she inserted the chisel under the lid.

"Edith, hold! are you mad?" he said, pulling her away.

"*Mad!* for simply wishing to open a box sent by express? You must be the one, Guy, I never saw you act so strangely before. Come, now, let's open it at once."

"I tell you I must go. I have an appointment. I shall take good care not to call again when in haste," he said, angrily. "Come, open the door at once."

"Never, until this box is opened!" she fairly hissed.

"My heavens! what brought me here to-day?"

"Your Nemesis, perhaps."

"Edith, are you crazy? I tell you I have an appointment."

"Who with, the coroner?"

"Wha—what do you mean?"

"I mean as I say; I shall open this box, or send it to Detective Jones."

Guy Lawrence was livid with fear and rage, and stood with his hand on the knob.

"Shall I take this to the police, and prove to them, as I readily can, that you sent it to me——"

"Open this door, or I will strangle you!" said he, fiercely approaching her.

"Strangle me? Why not open the box? That would be the quietest way to get rid of me."

The mockery of her words cut him to the core of his guilty heart; he drew a dirk from his breast pocket, and sprang at her.

But Edith was on the alert, and almost as quickly drew a revolver from her pocket.

"Take care, Guy Lawrence, two can play at this game," she said, pointing the revolver direct at his heart.

"Now hold, you shall live; I would not be your murderer yet, nor would I have you mine. I've not eaten the poisoned fruit you sent me. I would not open the box, for I knew from whence it came. I am in your way, but you need me. Should you take my life, everything is

prepared to prove you the culprit. I recommend you to coolness, and to looking upon me as your equal."

"Edith, I see my mistake, I have been crazy—am crazy, am not responsible for my actions," said Guy, in beseeching tones.

"Do you think me charitable enough to believe it?"

"Pray let me go now. Another time we will talk this matter over."

"No, not until you swear you will never make any attempt upon my life again."

"Edith, I swear it. I've been a lunatic in this matter, but henceforth you are safe. Do you believe me?"

"I take you at your word. Now go! But remember, we are important to each other yet!" and opening the door, Guy Lawrence skulked from it and the house, feeling fully the mean, miserable cur he had shown himself to be.

CHAPTER XVIII.

M A R K E D F O R M I S E R Y.

A MORE miserable man than Guy Lawrence 'twere hard to find, or, we should say, wretched, for he felt, as he skulked from the door of his wife's home with his wicked intentions regarding her so fully exposed, that he was less than man, and no punishment too severe for him. Still, with all this feeling of ignominy, he had no idea of submitting to fate, or of ever living with Edith again.

He went back to his rooms, feeling utterly wretched, and wondering which would be his next best move.

Sitting down in an easy chair, and resting his head on his hand, his mind passed rapidly over the past few years. "Shall I succumb? It really seems that fate is against me. Everything I essay to rid myself of this image of misery

seems to be thwarted. Why, I wonder? Fate was a propitious mistress. Long she smiled upon all undertakings, and made me what? Well, perhaps, careless! I thought I was safe, after all this time, and now the skies are lowering; it would almost seem gathering from the four corners, that their fury might be concentrated for double force. Should it be, where would it end, and how would I come out of such a storm? Oh, Edith! why were we not more prudent? why did we both, after joining issue such a basis, feel ourselves each capable of bearing our own burden? And where are we to-day? Sundered lives, wrecked fortunes, misery, and an impending 'to come,' we know not what. Why was I so rash, why so eager to get rich? and why follow fortune's beck when love, an amiable, unambitious wife and contentment were in my grasp? why was I turned from all them for the dazzling show of wealth brought by crime? Thirza Morton, you are doubly avenged!

"I will go to Mother Marsh; even her croaking is better than communing with one's own thoughts, when they are so hellish as mine," and Guy started from the chair, as if thankful for the thought that had broken upon his dark reverie.

Madame Marsh was soon reached, and entering the reception room, Guy threw himself into a chair, and awaited her coming. She was busy with another mysterious seeker of the unknown, and as Guy sat there, he went over the counsel the woman had given him, and could but confess that much that had come to him had emanated from the croaking of this seeress.

At length she was at liberty and came to him.

"Well—well, Mr. Lawrence, you've come again. I expected you, for I was full of trouble about you in my dreams last night, and—"

"Ah, indeed! Why should I trouble your dreams?—what, pray, was their purport?"

"Mr. Lawrence, you are in trouble, no use disguising the matter from me."

"I have no wish to disguise I am in trouble, can you, with your arts, see a way out of it? Where's the use of your powers if they are only for clear sailing?"

"Tut—tut! Where's the use of flying up like that?" She took his hand, closed her eyes.

"Where is your wife? surely not dead?"

"No, curse her! better if she were."

"I do not see her by your side is why I asked. Do not be too sure 'twere better she were dead. There is a magic in your two lives—sundered, there would be danger.

"Lawrence, you are in the midst of deep difficulties, wave after wave of blackness is welling up in your path. Have you made any effort to fly from the vortex ere you are engulfed?"

She spoke earnestly and with considerable vehemence, as if time was precious.

"I know not what to do, that is why I am here. You must show me the way out."

"I cannot. You have sent an icy chill over me. I would rather you would leave me at once, the counteracting influence is terrible."

"Nonsense, woman! that is only a subterfuge, rather than to allow yourself beaten."

"You forget yourself, sir, and if that is your mood I decline a further sitting," and the old lady dropped his hand, angrily.

"Now, see here, Mother Marsh," said Guy, soothingly. "You and I have known each other too long to fly out now; come, sit down, compose yourself, and give me the assistance I really require, and from no other can I ask it."

Madame Marsh seated herself again, and then said:

"Yes, we've been good friends, I think you have acted upon my advice before this; should I advise you now I

should say leave all, flee your country, darkness surmounts you. Your ambition has swallowed your better judgment, and to-day defeat and ignominy are yours."

"Say, rather encouragement from you has brought me where I am," said Guy, bitterly.

"Me? Man, what mean you?"

"I mean I followed your advise in marrying. And that brought on complications from which I cannot escape."

"Have you children?"

"Thank Heaven, no!" he answered, and a grateful look passed over his face as he thought no innocent being was to be dragged down in his fall.

"Then my my advice is to leave New York at once, every day and every hour you stay is fraught with danger. Go secretly, for even your bosom friends may prove the defeat of your plans," and the old lady arose tremulously, as if another moment spent there was fraught with danger.

"So bad as that?" said Guy, looking at her curiously.

"I tell you, go—go—go! and in brighter lands and fairer skies, start anew," and lifting her hands as if in invocation. "If you succeed in shoving off all that threatens you now, it may prove the safeguard, the warning for the future. Good-bye, Guy Lawrence. Farewell, the fates tell me you and I will never meet again."

Guy took her hand, left a bill in it, and pressing his hat over his brow, he left the house.

Where should he go? He dared not join the woman he loved and had hoped to make his wife now that new bonds were upon him. He knew Edith well enough to be sure were her suspicions aroused she would follow him for years, and then he had too much respect for her he hoped to call wife, to impose himself upon her now that he had no legal right to do so.

He finally determined to disguise himself, and getting all his effects together, go on a, voyage to China. He knew nothing of the Celestials, cared less, feeling that an

utter isolation was, under the circumstances, most desirable.

Going over to the east side of town, he purchased a wig of fiery red hair, whiskers and mustache to match, putting them in his pocket, and as it was nearly dusk, he sauntered along until he came to a barber's shop; going in, he found they were Germans, and unable to speak or understand one word of English.

He sat down and went through the pantomime that his hair made his head ache, and wanted all cut clean.

Seating himself in the tonsorial chair, he soon felt that his teutonic employer knew his business. His hair was shaved close to the scalp, and both chin and lip as clean as a boy's of twelve.

Rising from the chair he submitted to the brushing of his clothes, and then looking in the glass, nodded his approval of the job and departed.

His next visit was to a lager beer saloon close by, and when he emerged from there, scarce one would have recognized in his frousy red mug, the good looking, black whiskered Guy Lawrence.

But who is this skulking from corner to corner, awning to awning?

It seems our brave detective, our man of brains, Davies, was short of a job, and being on the east side, just from a visit to Mrs. Leonard, whom he had been filling with his big intentions, stumbled upon Lawrence at the corner of the street. He, not thinking to meet any one he knew in that vicinity, had pushed his hat back from his brow as if to cool his fevered brain, and was striding along in deep and troubled thought.

Davies spotted him, and making up his mind that pleasure had never brought him to that part of the city, thought he would follow and see what the business could be. Seeing him purchase a wig so much the color of his own hair whetted his curiosity still more, and when he

found that his next move was a barber, he scented a large rat, and thought that for once he was not made in vain.

Stationing himself near at hand he waited patiently, saw him rise from his seat, and come out on the street with a head very much like a billiard ball.

Davies' detective abilities were on the rise. He swelled with importance, and when Guy entered the lager beer house he even punished himself by not following, the first time on record, that he had let even a remote chance for a drink escape him. But he was on the scent now. Lawrence had given him an ignominious dismissal at their last meeting, and to get even with him was his chief object.

Finally Lawrence emerged from the saloon in his firey hirsute arrangement, and going over to Fourth avenue took a car up-town, Davies jumping on the front platform to make sure of his destination.

Here we should go back and take up a broken thread. Lawrence had already given up his rooms at the club house, to take effect the first of the month, he had purchased several trunks to be put in the store room, had given out that he was going on a tour to the "Thousand Islands," and should perhaps extend it on to the upper lakes. Already his traveling trunks and traps had been sent to the Hudson River depot, and it was only a question of hours when he should leave.

He went to the depot, made minute inquiries when he could return from New Haven, bought a ticket for that city, and going to the baggage-room, had his traps checked the same.

Davies had witnessed and heard it all, and as Lawrence went back to the waiting-room, he managed to see the name on the end of the trunk—it was "Jasper Howard, Pekin, China."

He had heard and seen sufficient. Had he possessed the needful, he probably would have accompanied Jasper

Howard to New Haven, but having learned his anxiety to return at the earliest hour on the morrow he could do so, he re-entered a Fourth avenue car, and made his way down town again.

Suddenly a thought hit him and raised the upper part of his cranium perceptively. All this was a *ruse*, he was going out of the country, possibly was already booked for some steamer going to China on the morrow. Happy thought! Going immediately on his arrival opposite the Astor House to the reading room, taking up a shipping gazette, he found, not a steamer, but the sailing vessel—*Te Chee*—was to put from port the next day at two in the afternoon.

Davies was almost wild with his importance. Should he carry out this scheme himself, or impart it to another?

Remembering how many times he had been kicked about and laughed at as a buffoon, he made up his mind that he would watch for Lawrence's return in the morning, under his disguise and false name, and then go to headquarters for assistance.

He was at the depot betimes, and taking an obscure position, he watched for his game.

The usual hurry and bustle attending the arrival and departing of trains was gone through with. At last the New Haven morning express thundered into the depot.

Passenger after passenger, some alone some in pairs, emerged to the street. Finally a man with red hair and whiskers, wearing blue glasses, and leaning heavily upon a cane, came out. Instead of fine broadcloth his suit was grey mixed, most suitable for travel.

Even Davies, who was watching his game, was for the moment deceived, but as the stranger handed his checks to the hackman, and told him he was in haste to get to the —— dock, the name of which escaped him, he had heard enough, and taking a car, the only conveyance his

purse afforded, he prepared to get down to Mulberry street as speedily as possible.

The car had hardly gone ten blocks when, to his joy, Detective Jones jumped to the platform.

Davies beckoned him to come in; Jones looked at him much as he would had an organ grinder invited him off the car to hear a tune.

Davies went to him—"Detective Jones, you have often complimented me by calling me a fool—I've got something to tell you, and will tell it as I know it." He then proceeded to give the details of his adventures in pursuit of Guy Lawrence since the night before; as he proceeded Detective Jones' eyes grew larger, and he ejaculated occasionally:

"The devil you say! the scoundrel! new dodge, eh? Lamed suddenly, not a gentleman any more? Well—well, guess this young man will have to stay in the city for the benefit of his health."

When Davies said he had taken a carriage direct for some pier, Jones waited not to hear another word. Jumping from the car he hailed a cab, and ordering the driver to go for his life to Bowling Green, he sat bolt upright as if that would hurry the carriage in its course.

Davies by no means liked this hurried exit of the detective, and was inclined to think that he had been too precipitate in confiding in him.

However, time was flying, and he made his way downtown, went to a shipping agent and found where the Chinese vessel sailed from, and then finding that he had plenty of time, he entered a cheap saloon and broke his fast over a dish of hash and cup of coffee for the first time since noon before.

After strengthening himself in a cheap way, he made his way in the direction of — pier, and when nearly there, a carriage passed him; in it was Detective Jones and two of his assistants.

Davies hurried up that he might be at the taking.

Arriving at the ship, they found everything in confusion. They were about ready to set sail on their long voyage. Clearance papers had been obtained, and only the arrival of the captain was waited for.

The carriage containing the detective stopped some little way back, and the three sauntered down like mere curiosity seekers. Just as the detective had inquired for the captain and was receiving a reply that he was not there, a cab drove up and he jumped from it.

"Ah" said the mate, "here is Captain Spooner, now," and raising his hat, said: "This gentleman was just asking for you, sir."

"Good-day. Well, what can I do for you, sir, time's short, make ready there, boys," and he lifted his hat and wiped his brow as if this last detention was the last straw.

"You take passengers out, I believe?"

"Well, yes, but not at this late hour," said he, smiling.

"Got any for this voyage?"

"Yes, there—two Celestials, tired of 'Melican life, and one invalid gentleman, who is trying an ocean voyage of this sort as a last resort, I believe."

"His name, please?"

"Name. Let's see. Oh, Howard—hang me if I remember the first one!"

"He's my man," said Detective Jones, exhibiting his shield.

"Oh, ho!" said the captain, "that's the kind of health he seeks, is it? follow me," and he led the way to the cabin.

A tap on the door was answered by a "come" in a strange, sepulchral voice; they opened the door, and Detective Jones stepped in. Lawrence was seated on the edge of his bunk; as he looked up, the detective said:

"Lawrence you are my prisoner"

Guy gasped for breath, and at the same time put his

hand behind him. Jones was none too quick; he grasped his arm so tightly, that the pistol dropped from his hand on to the floor.

The two assistants came to his aid, and it was but the work of a moment to get him out on the dock, where his baggage had preceded him.

Beckoning for the carriage to come nearer, the unwilling, wretched Guy was forced to enter with the men who had so interfered with his intended journey.

As the others were getting in, a voice at the opposite window attracted his attention—there stood Davies, with his hair standing.

He bowed, and said: "See, Mr. Lawrence, what a silent man of brains can do."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EXPOSE AND END.

It does not take long, even in so great a city as New York, for rumors to fly or for arrests, no matter how secret, to become known.

It was soon noised about in the circle where Guy Lawrence had so late been a reigning favorite, that he was under arrest for a serious crime.

"What is it?" was the general query, and many fell to speculating, and, of course, all agreed it was some slight affair that an examination and bail bonds would quickly drift over.

The next morning there was the usual amount of idle ones drifted into court at the Tombs, among them, scarcely one of those who had a week before called Guy Lawrence friend.

After some minor affairs had been disposed of, the

names of "Guy Lawrence," "Edith Lawrence," were next cried.

They were brought in; Edith had heard of Guy's arrest, and even while lying bewildered from the news that had been told her, an officer called, demanded admittance, and she, too, was an inmate of a prison cell.

She had the advantage of Guy in knowing they were to meet. He was still wondering if her keenness had not something to do with his arrest.

They were brought in at one time; Edith looked twice, and then doubted her vision if that baldheaded, bare-faced, queer looking man could be her husband.

When Guy saw Edith, he seemed for a moment turned to stone, and as they glanced at each other, the whole misery and woe of their lives seemed to pass through the mind of each, and each gave the other a look that said, "this is your work."

The charge of "Robbing of the firm of Cammon & Son" was made against Guy, and "complicity and concealment of moneys known to be stolen" against Edith.

Both, of course, pleaded "not guilty," but to their surprise, both were remanded to jail for future action.

It took but little time for both to find parties willing to go their bail on the securities they could offer, but in both cases bail was refused.

Why this was, none could tell, or if any possessed the secret it was kept, and Edith and Guy, confined under one roof, but apart, could but speculate and wonder.

Each congratulated themselves that no one knew of their re-marriage, and that they possessed this loophole of escape.

The best counsel money could procure was had, and they both felt the coming trial would fall flat to the ground, and be quashed when it was found that the parties were man and wife.

The day and hour came—a weary waiting it had been to both.

The many friends who had fawned upon them and received favors from them in days of prosperity, were wofully wanting now, none had been near them, or at least, Guy.

Poor old Mr. and Mrs. Harvey did all they could for their unhappy child, believing her, of course, innocent, and drawn into this vortex of shame by the miserable man she had called husband. Guy and Edith, with their counsel, again entered the court room; the two weeks of ignominious confinement had told upon them both, and neither was scarcely recognizable to those of their former friends who had been led hither by the publicity given the case.

To the reader who has ever attended a trial from beginning to close, the queer workings of a court of justice is easily understood. To undertake to describe such proceedings to the uninitiated would only impress them with a sense of immense mimicry, as the sole constituents of court process.

A jury was selected, and then, in usual form, the district attorney opened the case by giving a history of the great robbery, the excitement it caused, the mystery in the case, and the subsequent developments that brought it home to Guy Lawrence as the real perpetrator, and the woman who afterward became his wife, on ceremony. That it could be proven that in the few years of their married life hundreds of thousands had passed through their hands, and no possible manner to be shown in which they came honestly by it.

That Miss Harvey lieved with her parents in entailed property, and aside from that their means were limited, as could be proven by the gentleman himself.

After this special opening, Mr. Harvey was the first witness called. The old gentleman entered the witness

chair, laden with grief, that he should be called upon to testify in any manner against his only child. The questions and answers proved conclusively that no share of the glare and glitter that had attached to the Harvey-Lawrence mansion since the marriage of the daughter had been furnished through his purse, and he could say nothing in regard to such expenditures farther than Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence had been the heads and managers of the house since their marriage.

Edith's rage knew no bounds. That her father should dare to open his mouth against her interests, even though compelled to by law, seemed to her incredible, and had not her lawyer restrained her, she would have shown him the keenness of it.

Poor Mrs. Harvey ! one look at Edith brought in as a prisoner was sufficient. She fell from her seat in a fit of apoplexy, and she never spoke again. She was carried home, and died during the night.

The next witness called was Edith herself. She hesitated; to be commanded to do anything was new to her. She looked at the judge upon the bench, at Guy, at her lawyer, half defiantly, half bewilderedly.

Her lawyer whispered to her to go ahead, and he would attend to the rest. She went, was sworn, and at the first question put to her:

“ What is your knowledge relative to the Cammon robbery, based upon conversations had with your husband previous to your marriage ? ” Her lawyer bounded to his feet.

“ I object to that question, your honor.” In his excitement, he spoke in the most vehement manner.

“ And why object ? ”

“ Because, as the wife of the prisoner, this lady cannot testify either for or against him.”

“ But as a former wife, divorced by law, the lady will make a very creditable witness,” answered the district

attorney, while a wan smile of partial triumph was exchanged between Lawrence and Edith.

" that case certainly, but my clients have very recently been married, as I am prepared to show by positive proof."

Had a bomb burst in their midst, the effect could not for a moment have been more exciting.

The lawyer exultingly handed up his proofs, and the babel of tongues which this little episode set in motion was fearful.

Order was soon, however, restored, and the judge, addressing the district attorney, said: " The points are proven, and unless further proof is at hand, the case must close."

" I have still another witness to prove, sir, that this woman *is not* the wife of Guy Lawrence."

" We have positive proof that she *is*," said the lawyer, in very pompous terms.

" And *we*, most positive proof that she *never was* the wife of Guy Lawrence," was the firm reply.

What was this? Every one in the room was wild with excitement; the whole affair was so out of the usual range of court proceedings, the statues of the prisoners, the novelty of the case, and the large amount of money involved, seemed to whet the curiosity of all.

" What farcical procedure is this?" said the defendant's lawyer, with a look of contempt on his face.

" Not so farcical as you think," was the reply. " Harry Rupert, be kind enough to step this way, and take the stand."

" Harry Rupert, who was he? Edith Harvey's blanched cheek and quivering lids revealed that to her the name was not altogether new. As he walked forward she saw before her a stout, heavy-built man, a brow browned 'enath torrid skies. Hair and whiskers mixed with grey. Her mind reverted to the rosy-cheeked, lithe, curly-

headed boy of long ago. No, they could not be the same, it was a trumped up tale.

Their lawyer looked first at one and then the other.

"Who is he, Lawrence?" he asked, nervously.

"I give you my word I never saw or heard of him before."

"Can you explain this?" he said, turning to Edith—ah! her face told the story, she had no power of speech, her lips moved but made no sound. Her eyes were riveted on the stranger's face, and seemed incapable of turning from the vision.

The stranger was sworn, and took the seat.

"Mr. Rupert, your birthplace."

"Chicago, sir."

"Have you ever seen the witness last in the chair, before to-day?"

"I am compelled to answer, *yes*; *that woman is my wife*."

"When were you married, and where?"

"We were married eleven years ago, last May the tenth, in Poughkeepsie, where we were both at school," was the answer, in deep, solemn tones, as if pronouncing the doom of both.

"Have you proof of that marriage?"

"I have, sir."

"Is the clergyman still a resident of Poughkeepsie?"

"He is, sir, though now retired and without charge."

"There were no children by this marriage, Mr. Rupert?"

"There was; I have a little daughter nearly ten years of age."

"Will you state the circumstances of your marriage and separation from this woman you claim as your wife?"

Reader, have you gone with me through this tragic story, founded so nearly upon real events? Dost remember the midnight ride, the visit to the seeress, the heart-

less resignation of the babe to stranger hands, the appearance of the father ready to claim and care for the offspring so cruelly deserted by its mother? His avowal to take it far away to a foreign land, and there, proving both father and mother, working for it himself?

Dost remember the later visit of this unhappy woman to the seeress, when the school-girl and boy love and marriage and separation are so faithfully depicted?

Then you have the story as told by Harry Rupert. Why repeat it?

Every eye was riveted upon the witness as he progressed with his story, every heart was impressed with its truthfulness.

Edith Harvey—Lawrence no longer—had never moved her eyes from his face, and none could detect a sign of life in the statue that sat there.

As Harry Rupert finished his story, the district attorney asked him:

“Mr. Rupert, can you produce the child of this union of yours and Edith Harvey’s in Court?”

Harry Rupert paled. “If necessary, sir, I can, but please the court, my child believes her mother dead. I would spared innocence contamination with guilt and heartlessness. Must I unveil the past to my innocent child?”

The man’s voice trembled, and tears filied his eyes.

“We respect your feelings as a father, Mr. Rupert, the child shall not be called.”

“Thank you, sir,” was the fervent reply, and Harry Rupert, the boy husband of the past, the avenger of to-day, left the stand.

“Edith Harvey will take the stand,” was announced.

The crier went to her, touched her on the arm—she started, and it seemed the movement broke the spell. A wild, startling, curdling, maniacal laugh broke the stillness. It arose higher—higher, until the most unearthly

shrieks filled the room. Assistance was called, and Edith Harvey was taken back to her prison cell, a raving maniac.

And what of Guy Lawrence? The development in court had stunned him, and he was taken back, wretched and forlorn.

Edith became so violent that a straight jacket was found necessary to keep her from doing herself violence, and at the time next day that she should have entered court, she was being removed to an asylum, pronounced hopelessly insane.

It proved to be the truth—she never spoke, but at intervals would break out in a shrill, mocking laugh, that sent every one from its sound.

Of course this new phase stopped proceedings against Guy, as Edith Harvey was really the only witness that could convict. He was held for a year in bondage, and then physicians deciding there was no possible hope of Edith Harvey ever leaving the asylum—he was released on his own recognizances, through the intervention of the Messrs. Cammon, who felt he had indeed been sorely punished.

Guy Lawrence went out again into the world, disgraced, a felon, and broken both in body and spirit. He felt that New York was no longer a home for him, and speculated long where he should flee to be free from all reminders of the past, either in associates or contact.

Taking up a paper a morning or two after his release to gain some shipping news, his eye fell upon the following:

“ Married: On Thursday, in Grace Church, by the Rev. Dr. Potter, Hugh Cammon, of the firm of Cammon & Son, to Thirza Morton, of this city.”

Then followed a graphic account of the toilets, distinguished people, elegant reception, floral display, and the departure of the happy couple on their bridal tour.

Guy Lawrence dropped the paper with a groan. The past arose all too vividly before him; he remembered his unmanly leave-taking of Thirza Morton. His own subsequent marriage in Grace Church with all its brilliancy, and then picture after picture, like a moving panorama, of his subsequent downward career swept past him up to the day and hour where he sat. It seemed to him hell's furies were all upon him with hated breath. He sprang from his chair.

"This day I leave New York, and forever!" he said with clenched fists. He probably did, for Guy Lawrence is known no more. If living, it's under an assumed name. If dead, his body rests in a nameless grave.

THE END.



Munro's Library

MRS. ALEX. McVEIGH MILLER'S WORKS.

No. 1. A Dreadful Temptation.....	.20 Cents.
" 2. The Bride of the Tomb.....	.20 "
" 3. An Old Man's Darling.....	.20 "
" 4. Queenie's Terrible Secret.....	.20 "
" 5. Jaquelina.....	.20 "
" 6. Little Golden's Daughter.....	.20 "
" 7. The Rose and the Lily.....	.20 "
" 8. Countess Vera.....	.20 "
" 9. Bonnie Dora.....	.20 "
" 10. Guy Kenmore's Wife.....	.20 "

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS.

" 11. Janet's Repentance.....	.10 "
" 12. Silas Marner.....	.10 "
" 13. Felix Holt, the Radical.....	.20 "
" 14. The Mill on the Floss.....	.20 "
" 15. Brother Jacob.....	.10 "
" 16. Adam Bede.....	.20 "
" 17. Romola.....	.20 "
" 18. Sad Fortunes of Rev. Amos Barton.....	.10 "
" 19. Daniel Deronda.....	.20 "
" 20. Middlemarch.....	.20 "
" 21. Mr. Gilfil's Love Story.....	.10 "
" 22. The Spanish Gypsy.....	.20 "
" 23. Impressions of Theophrastus Such.....	.10 "

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

" 24. The Two Orphans. By D'Ennery.....	.10 "
" 25. Yolande. By William Black.....	.20 "
" 26. Lady Audley's Secret. By Miss Braddon.....	.20 "
" 27. When the Ship Comes Home. By Besant & Rice.....	.10 "
" 28. John Halifax, Gentleman. By Miss Mulock.....	.20 "
" 29. In Peril of his Life. By Gaboriau.....	.20 "
" 30. The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.....	.10 "
" 31. Molly Bawn. By the Duchess.....	.20 "
" 32. Portia. By the Duchess.....	.20 "
" 33. Kit; a Memory. By James Payne.....	.20 "
" 34. East Lynne. By Mrs. Henry Wood.....	.20 "
" 35. Her Mother's Sin. By Bertha M. Clay.....	.10 "
" 36. A Princess of Thule. By William Black.....	.20 "
" 37. Phyllis. By the Duchess.....	.20 "
" 38. David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens.....	.20 "
" 39. Very Hard Cash. By Charles Reade.....	.20 "
" 40. Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott.....	.20 "
" 41. Shirley. By Miss Bronte.....	.20 "
" 42. The Last Days of Pompeii. By Bulwer Lytton.....	.20 "
" 43. Charlotte Temple. By Miss Rowson.....	.10 "
" 44. Dora Thorne. By Bertha M. Clay.....	.20 "
" 45. Old Curiosity Shop. By Charles Dickens.....	.20 "
" 46. Camille. By Alex. Dumas, Jr.....	.10 "
" 47. The Three Guardsmen. By Alex. Dumas.....	.20 "
" 48. Jane Eyre. By Charlotte Bronte.....	.20 "
" 49. Romance of a Poor Young Man. By Feuillet.....	.10 "
" 50. Back to the Old Home. By Mary Cecil Hay.....	.10 "
" 51. Maggie; or, the Loom Girl of Lowell. By William Mason Turner, M. D.....	.20 "
" 52. Two Wedding Rings. By Margaret Blount.....	.20 "
" 53. Led Astray. By Helen M. Lewis.....	.20 "
" 54. A Woman's Atonement. By Adah M. Howard.....	.20 "
" 55. False. By Geraldine Fleming.....	.20 "
" 56. The Curse of Dangerfield. By Elsie Snow.....	.20 "
" 57. Ten Years of His Life. By Eva Evergreen.....	.20 "
" 58. A Woman's Fault. By Evelyn Gray.....	.20 "
" 59. Twenty Years After. By Alex. Dumas.....	.20 "
" 60. A Queen Amongst Women and Between Two Sins. By Bertha M. Clay.....	.20 "
" 61. Madolin's Lover. By Bertha M. Clay.....	.20 "
" 62. Thaddeus of Warsaw. By Jane Porter.....	.20 "
" 63. Lucile. By Owen Meredith.....	.20 "
" 64. Charles Auchester. By E. Berger.....	.20 "
" 65. A Strange Story. By Bulwer.....	.20 "
" 66. Aurora Floyd. By Miss Braddon.....	.20 "
" 67. Barbara's History. By Amelia B. Edwards.....	.20 "
" 68. Called to Account. By Annie Thomas.....	.20 "
" 69. Old Myddleton's Money. By Mary Cecil Hay.....	.20 "
" 70. Thorns and Orange Blossoms. By Bertha M. Clay. Complete.....	.10 "

Remember that we do not charge extra for postage. MUNRO'S LIBRARY will be sent to any part of the world, single numbers for 10 cents, double numbers for 20 cents.

NORMAN L. MUNRO, PUBLISHER,

24 & 26 VANDEWATER ST., N. Y.

Munro's Library

CONTINUED.

No.	Book Title	Author	Price
71.	Nicholas Nickleby.	By Charles Dickens.	20 cents
" 72.	Moths; a Novel.	By "Ouida"	20 "
" 73.	Gertrude the Governess.	By William Mason Turner, M.D.	20 "
" 74.	Christmas Stories.	By Charles Dickens.	20 "
" 75.	The Executor	By Mrs. Alexander	20 "
" 76.	Annette.	By the Author of "Camille"	20 "
" 77.	A Sinless Crime.	By Geraldine Fleming	20 "
" 78.	A Double Marriage.	By Beatrice Collensie	20 "
" 79.	The Wentworth Mystery.	By Watts Phillips	20 "
" 80.	Leola Dale's Fortune.	By Geraldine Fleming	20 "
" 81.	Plot and Counterplot.	By the Author of "Quadroona"	20 "
" 82.	Fair and False.	By Mrs. Dale	20 "
" 83.	Out of the Streets.	By Adah M. Howard	20 "
" 84.	Set in Diamonds.	By the "Countess"	20 "
" 85.	Who Was the Heir?	By Geraldine Fleming	20 "
" 86.	Little Golden		20 "
" 87.	Daughters of Eve.	By Paul Meritt	20 "
" 88.	The World Between Them.	By the "Countess"	20 "
" 89.	Beauty's Marriage.	By Owen Marston	20 "
" 90.	Sundered Hearts.	By Adah M. Howard	20 "
" 91.	A Fatal Wooing.	By Laura J. Libbey	20 "
" 92.	Only a Girl's Love.	By Geraldine Fleming	20 "
" 93.	Not to be Won.	By Mrs. Lenox Bell	20 "
" 94.	Merit Versus Money.	By Garnett Marnell	20 "
" 95.	Agatha.	By Eva Evergreen	20 "
" 96.	Behind the Silver Veil.	By Mrs. Dale	20 "
" 97.	A Passion Flower.	By the "Countess"	20 "
" 98.	Pauline.	By the author of "Leonnnette's Secret"	20 "
" 99.	Wife or Slave.	By the author of "Not to be Won"	20 "
" 100.	A Dark Marriage Morn.	By Owen Marston	20 "
" 101.	Dregs and Froth.	By A. H. Wall	20 "
" 102.	For Better for Worse.	By Mostyn Durward	20 "
" 103.	What Love Will Do.	By Annabel Gray	20 "
" 104.	Lover and Husband.	By Owen Marston	20 "
" 105.	As Fate Would Have It.	By Evelyn Gray	20 "
" 106.	A Waiting Heart.	By Louisa Capsadel	20 "
" 107.	Doubly Wronged.	By Adah M. Howard	20 "
" 108.	The Eyrle, and The Mystery of a Young Girl.	By Court Howard	20 "
" 109.	Gabrielle.	By Louise McCarty	20 "
" 110.	Sweet as a Rose.	By Mostyn Durward	20 "

CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY'S WORKS.

111. The Shadow of a Sin.....	20
112. A Waif of the Sea	20
113. The Huntsford Fortune.....	20
114. The Secret of a Birth	20
115. Jessie Deane.....	20
116. A Golden Mask.....	20
117. Accord and Discord	20
118. A Death-bed Marriage.....	20
119. Hearts and Gold	20

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

120. <i>Romance of a Black Veil.</i> By Bertha M. Clay.....	10	"
121. <i>At the World's Mercy</i> By F. Warden.....	10	"

Remember that we do not charge extra for postage. MUNRO'S LIBRARY will be sent to any part of the world, single numbers for 10 cents, double numbers for 20 cents.

NORMAN L. MUNRO, PUBLISHER,

BLISTER,
24 & 26 VANDEWATER ST., N. Y.



Munro's Library

MRS. ALEX. MCVEIGH MILLER'S WORKS.

No.			20 Cents.
"	1. A Dreadful Temptation.		20
"	2. The Bride of the Tomb.		"
"	3. An Old Man's Darling.		20
"	4. Queenie's Terrible Secret.		20
"	5. Jaquelina.		20
"	6. Little Golden's Daughter.		20
"	7. The Rose and the Lily.		20
"	8. Countess Vera.		20
"	9. Bonnie Dora.		20
"	10. Guy Kenmore's Wife.		20

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS.

"	11. Janet's Repentance.	10	"
"	12. Silas Marner.	10	"
"	13. Felix Holt, the Radical.	20	"
"	14. The Mill on the Floss.	20	"
"	15. Brother Jacob.	10	"
"	16. Adam Bede.	20	"
"	17. Romola.	20	"
"	18. Sad Fortunes of Rev. Amos Barton.	10	"
"	19. Daniel Deronda.	20	"
"	20. Middlemarch.	20	"
"	21. Mr. Gilfil's Love Story.	10	"
"	22. The Spanish Gypsy.	20	"
"	23. Impressions of Theophrastus Such.	10	"

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

"	24. The Two Orphans. By D'Ennery.	10	"
"	25. Yolande. By William Black.	20	"
"	26. Lady Audley's Secret. By Miss Braddon.	20	"
"	27. When the Ship Comes Home. By Besant & Rice.	10	"
"	28. John Halifax, Gentleman. By Miss Mulock.	20	"
"	29. In Peril of his Life. By Gaboriau.	20	"
"	30. The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.	10	"
"	31. Molly Bawn. By the Duchess.	20	"
"	32. Portia. By the Duchess.	20	"
"	33. Kit: a Memory. By James Payne.	20	"
"	34. East Lynne. By Mrs. Henry Wood.	20	"
"	35. Her Mother's Sin. By Bertha M. Clay.	10	"
"	36. A Princess of Thule. By William Black.	20	"
"	37. Phyllis. By the Duchess.	20	"
"	38. David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens.	20	"
"	39. Very Hard Cash. By Charles Reade.	20	"
"	40. Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott.	20	"
"	41. Shirley. By Miss Bronte.	20	"
"	42. The Last Days of Pompeii. By Bulwer Lytton.	20	"
"	43. Charlotte Temple. By Miss Rowson.	10	"
"	44. Dora Thorne. By Bertha M. Clay.	20	"
"	45. Old Curiosity Shop. By Charles Dickens.	20	"
"	46. Camille. By Alex. Dumas, Jr.	10	"
"	47. The Three Guardsmen. By Alex. Dumas.	20	"
"	48. Jane Eyre. By Charlotte Bronte.	20	"
"	49. Romance of a Poor Young Man. By Feuillet.	10	"
"	50. Back to the Old Home. By Mary Cecil Hay.	10	"
"	51. Maggie; or, the Loom Girl of Lowell. By William Mason Turner, M. D.	20	"
"	52. Two Wedding Rings. By Margaret Blount.	20	"
"	53. Led Astray. By Helen M. Lewis.	20	"
"	54. A Woman's Atonement. By Adah M. Howard.	20	"
"	55. False. By Geraldine Fleming.	20	"
"	56. The Curse of Dangerfield. By Eustis Snow.	20	"
"	57. Ten Years of His Life. By Eva Evergreen.	20	"
"	58. A Woman's Fault. By Evelyn Gray.	20	"
"	59. Twenty Years After. By Alex. Dumas.	20	"
"	60. A Queen Amongst Women and Between Two Sins. By Bertha M. Clay.	20	"
"	61. Madolin's Lover. By Bertha M. Clay.	20	"
"	62. Thaddeus of Warsaw. By Jane Porter.	20	"
"	63. Lucile. By Owen Meredith.	20	"
"	64. Charles Auchester. By E. Berger.	20	"
"	65. A Strange Story. By Bulwer.	20	"
"	66. Aurora Floyd. By Miss Braddon.	20	"
"	67. Barbara's History. By Amelia B. Edwards.	20	"
"	68. Called to Account. By Annie Thomas.	20	"
"	69. Old Myddleton's Money. By Mary Cecil Hay.	20	"
"	70. Thorns and Orange Blossoms. By Bertha M. Clay. Complete.	10	"

Remember that we do not charge extra for postage. MUNRO'S LIBRARY will be sent to any part of the world, single numbers for 10 cents, double numbers for 20 cents.

NORMAN L. MUNRO, PUBLISHER,

24 & 26 VANDEWATER ST., N. Y.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00014889012

